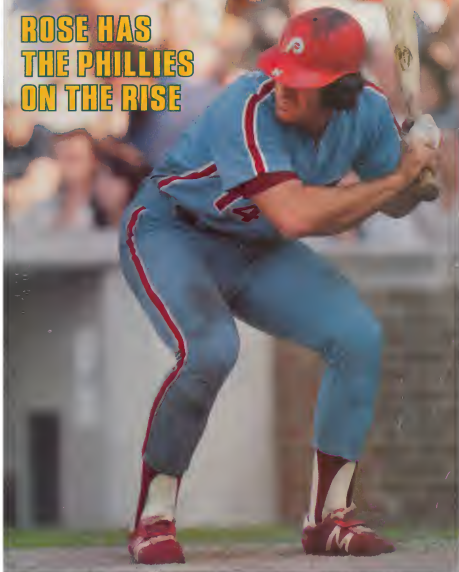


Sports Illustrated

MAY 28, 1979

\$1.25

**ROSE HAS
THE PHILLIES
ON THE RISE**





*The Mazda RX-7 Limited Edition.
Only 3000 lucky people will get to own one.*

Eight months after Mazda introduced the RX-7, it became the largest-selling two-seat sports car in America.

And it was recently voted the most significant new import car for 1979 in Car and Driver magazine Readers' Choice Poll.

Not surprising, really.

Its performance is startling. The off-the-floor RX-7 goes from 0-50 in 6.3 seconds. Specially-prepared RX-7s set a speed record at Bonneville and won their class at the Daytona 24-hour race.

Its handling is precise. Mazda's compact, new generation rotary engine is placed behind the front axle. This results in a near perfect distribution of weight.

Its styling is eye-catching. If you've seen one in real life, you know.

This RX-7 Limited Edition comes equipped with these extra features as standard.

- 5-speed transmission
- Air conditioning
- Sun Roof
- Custom AM/FM stereo with 4 speakers and cassette player
- Leather steering wheel
- Leather shift knob cover
- Digital quartz clock
- Special "beat-black" metallic paint
- Special "Limited" emblem
- Special seat upholstery with matching door trim
- Special aluminum wheels
- Raised white-letter steel-belted radial tires
- Pin striping
- Personalized decal
- Silver metallic center console

Its nicenes are legion. Standard features include AM/FM stereo with power antenna, steel-belted radials, quartz clock, a tachometer that's also a voltmeter, tinted glass—the list is as impressive as the car.

Its price is surprisingly affordable. Indeed, it is priced far below many cars it competes with. And it's practical, with ☒ estimated mpg, 28 estimated highway mpg.*

In short, it's the new standard of value in sports cars.

And now, to mark the first year success of this great car, Mazda offers this special limited edition of the RX-7.

We are making only 3000 of them.

mazda
The more you look,
the more you like.

*EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. In Calif., ☒ estimate 28 mpg, 29 est. hwy. mpg. Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKE.

IDS IDEAS

THE IDS DIFFERENCE.

Ideas. Money ideas...
to meet both your business
and personal financial needs.

Nearby ideas...with
over 3,000 IDS representatives
coast to coast, there is
one close enough to come
and help.

Objective ideas...
a choice of more than 40 IDS

financial services assures it.

Proven ideas...
through 85 years of IDS
financial experience.

Ideas. That's the IDS
advantage. The IDS difference.



Since 1894

IDEAS
TO HELP PEOPLE
MANAGE MONEY

For more about good money ideas, call 800-447-6700, or write Mr. John F. Kelly,
Vice President, Investors Diversified Services, Inc., Minneapolis, MN 55402.
In Illinois call 800-322-4480. In Alaska and Hawaii, please write.

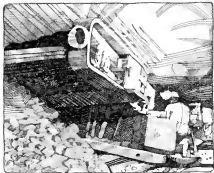
Exxon is going to mine 10 million tons of coal this year.

America's economically recoverable coal reserves are vast—250 billion tons—twice the energy of all the Middle East's oil. This coal can provide a lot of energy for

America. So Exxon is going to mine ten million tons of coal this year alone. That's the equivalent of nearly 90,000 barrels of oil a day.

Continuous Reclamation Surface Mining. An affiliate of Exxon operates two surface mines in Wyoming. The coal here averages between 75 and 100 feet thick and lies close to the surface.

The mine site is continuously reclaimed as mining proceeds with the aim of restoring the land to a condition as good as or better than it was before mining began.



Underground Mining. Another Exxon affiliate operates two underground mines in Illinois. The coal here averages about eight feet thick and lies 300 feet below the surface. A new underground mine in West Virginia will be opened this year.

Today, coal provides nearly 20 percent of all the energy America uses. It is the fuel for about half of the electricity produced in the U.S. In the future, coal will be called upon to play an even more important role.

EXXON

THE GREAT SCOUT® REBATE!

Coming May 14th through June 15th—a great chance to save money! Buy and take delivery on a Scout® II, Traveler,® SS II or Terra,® and we'll mail you a 10% rebate on all factory-installed options. And we've got plenty of Scouts for you to choose from. With plenty of money-saving options!

MAY 14-JUNE 15

A 10% rebate on power steering.

A 10% rebate on a 304 V-8 engine.

A 10% rebate on cruise control.

A 10% rebate on a 3-speed automatic transmission.

A 10% rebate on a heavy-duty rear step bumper.

A 10% rebate on a sports steering wheel.

A 10% rebate on a heater/air-conditioning package.

A 10% rebate on a heavy-duty clutch.

A 10% rebate on cargo tie-down rails.

A 10% rebate on a 345 V-8 engine.

A 10% rebate on automatic locking hubs.

A 10% rebate on a tilt steering wheel.

A 10% rebate on a 390 CCA battery.

A 10% rebate on an AM or AM/FM radio.

A 10% rebate on white spoke wheels.

A 10% rebate on heavy-duty shock absorbers.

A 10% rebate on 6-way trailer wiring.

A 10% rebate on a 4-speed manual transmission with wide or close ratio.

A 10% rebate on high-back bucket seats.

A 10% rebate on a bright finish exterior package.

A 10% rebate on heavy-duty front and rear springs.

A 10% rebate on a rallye package.

A 10% rebate on a 61-amp alternator.

A 10% rebate on a 500 CCA maintenance-free battery.

A 10% rebate on an electric clock.

A 10% rebate on an R-28 trac-lok, 3,500-lb rear axle.

A 10% rebate on sliding rear quarter windows.

A 10% rebate on an AM/FM stereo radio.

A 10% rebate on a trailer-towing package.

A 10% rebate on vinyl high-back bucket seats with pillow effect.

A 10% rebate on a console for bucket seats.

A 10% rebate on an off-road tire package.

A 10% rebate on fender flares.

A 10% rebate on a diesel engine.

A 10% rebate on a modulated fan.

A 10% rebate on a luggage rack.

A 10% rebate on a sun roof.

A 10% rebate on a fuel tank skid plate.

A 10% rebate on swing-away mirrors.

A 10% rebate on a deluxe exterior package.

A 10% rebate on grill and brush guards.

A 10% rebate on an AM/FM stereo radio with 8-track tape player.

A 10% rebate on an off-road rallye package.

And many, many more!



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Taste the pride of Canada.

MOLSON CANADIAN™ Beer. It's beer as beer should be, with an honest, mellow taste that's as fresh as Canada itself. MOLSON CANADIAN. It's your kind of beer.



*"An Honest Brew
Makes Its Own Friends"*
John Molson
1786

MOLSON CANADIAN BEER

HBO IS SOMETHING ELSE



If you'd like to see a wide variety of Hollywood movies, celebrity specials from nightclubs around the world, and exclusive sports—then you need something else. Home Box Office!

Home Box Office is the pay-television service that makes your own home the best seat in the house for your favorite Hollywood movies. Always uncut and without any commercial interruptions.

HBO presents its very own "Standing Room Only" and "On Location" comedy and entertainment specials. These are exclusive

performances you can't see on regular television.

HBO puts you right up front for exciting sports from around the world—the events that regular television neglects.

And HBO is a real bargain! Just consider the cost of going out to see a movie, a game, a nightclub performance or a superstar in concert.

HBO

THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

HBO is available only to cable TV subscribers and people who live in selected apartment buildings.

If you have cable TV in your area, you could be watching HBO. Just contact your system operator and ask about HBO service.

Find out why over one million subscribers say "HBO is something else!"

If you don't know the name of the operator in your area, write Home Box Office, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

Whatever your game you can play it better!

Learn from the best! Put your game in the hands of America's top teachers—championship coaches and athletes, knowledgeable writers. Easy-to-follow Sports Illustrated books combine no-nonsense text with the kind of clear-cut photographs and diagrams that make learning fast. Recommended conditioning programs, competition-tested tactics, secrets, tips and insights from the masters, it's all here and guaranteed to improve your game—or your money back. Pick your sport and see for yourself. Mail coupon today!

Best-selling sport series in world. Order your sport today!

THE DO-IT-THIS-WAY BOOKS FROM Sports Illustrated

Baseball: Pitching The Motion on stances, jump kick, follow through • Comparison of styles • Mastering the basic pitches • Setting up the batter

Baseball: Defenses, UCLA system and Zone • How to shoot • The perfect line throw • How to work the shifts • One on one

Play Fishing: Live leaders and knots • Learning to cast • Flyline fishing • Strategy on the stream • Dry flies • Basic stream entomology

Football: Defense I fundamentals • Pushing, pulling, line work and linebacker, secondary • Team alignments • Developing a coordinated game plan

Football: Quarterback Building strength, fast running skill • Hand-offs • Fakes • The pass • Play execution • Reading defenses • Timing, time, field position, weather light

Golf The game and the course • Characteristics of woods and irons • Grip, swing, stance • Hits, timing, pitch and chip shots • Convolving your center

Ice Hockey Basic rules and equipment • Scoring • Learning stick handling • Puck control • The scoring drive, shooting • Defense • Checking • Goal tending

Judo History • Graps • Throws • Mind-control techniques • Chokes • Armlocks • How to fall • Judo forms and ranks

Skin Diving and Snorkeling Where to start • Basic watermanship • How to start, get out on gear • Surface and diving skills • Rescue • First Aid • Drowning proofing

Small Boat Sailing Language of sailing • How to choose a boat • Sailing to windward and leeward • Jibing with a sprit sail • Splicing a plating hull • Sailing out of a capsize

Soccer Ball skills: kicking in driving, heading, on balling, throw-ins • Kicking • Goal keeping • Team formations • Position play

Tennis The grip • The strokes: forehand, backhand, volley • Serving • Short net play • Winning strategy in doubles, singles, mixed doubles

Track: Field Events The hurdles, shot, discus, javelin, long jump, pole vault • Training for pole vault • Aiming, timing • Shattering timing

Track: Running Events Equipment • Training • Setting goals • Sprinting • Hurdling • Mid mile and long distance running • Warm-ups • Weight training

Training with Weights Barbell neck and shoulders • Arms • Chest • Back • Legs • Legs • Training programs • Sports applications • Equipment

Volleyball Learning the basics • Chest pass • The set • Underhand pass • The spike, block and serve • Team strategy • Training drills • Rules

PLUS other volumes now available:
— Racquetball
— Curling

— Dog Training
— Football: Offense
— Handball
— Horseback Riding
— Powerboating
— Sailing
— Squash
— Swimming and Diving
— Table Tennis

YES Please send me the Sports Illustrated books in quantities indicated at just \$4.95 each. I understand that if not completely satisfied, I will receive refund for any book returned within 10 days.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ books, plus \$0.60 handling and postage ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY BOX 2203, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y. N.Y. 10017

010526

We've given comfort a whole new name:

CushinsTM

They're more than just comfortable. Jarman's remarkable new shoes actually take your feet and cushion them.

The secret? Air pockets. Thousands trapped within the sole adjust to the contour and weight of the foot, giving you cushioned comfort wherever you go.

Even the Cushins insole is amazing. Here again, air pockets keep them flexible and resilient. And up top you'll find super-supple leathers.

Cushins, by Jarman.
Step into a pair. You'll feel like you're walking on air. Because you are!



The Cushin insole has a unique two-layer construction that absorbs moisture quickly, yet stays dry next to the foot.



The Cushin sole, with its tiny air pockets, not only feels good but wears well.

Style to fit your style.
Jarman

More Jarman shoes at Jarman's, Jarman's Shoe Store, Jarman's Shoe Store, Jarman's Shoe Store.
(Also available in Jarman's Shoe Store, Jarman's Shoe Store, Jarman's Shoe Store, Jarman's Shoe Store.)



People want what's in Sports Illustrated

BOOKTALK

by DAN LEVIN

TWO HEFTY VOLUMES CALLED 'TROUT' ADD UP TO ONE WHOLE OF A FISH TALE

What you notice first about Ernest Schwiebert's *Trout* (E. P. Dutton, \$75) is its bulk (two thick volumes, 1,745 pages), its price and its weight: apparently about 10 pounds. That is mighty heavy for anything called *Trout*, but only by the standards of ordinary anglers, office-bound and full of dreams. Schwiebert, the author of *Matching the Hatch: Salmon of the World*, *Remembrances of Rivers Past and Nymphs*, belongs to a more exclusive group, those who earn their livelihoods with typewriter and fly rod and who classify their fishing trips by continent.

The rivers of South America are among Schwiebert's favorites—he has taken a 14-pound rainbow trout from Patagonia's Nihue—but he has to his credit dozens of other giants from equally exotic waters in Europe, the U.S. and Canada. In *Trout*, he writes evocatively of these experiences, though his recollections are relevant to the catching of all fish. His trout are far larger than ours, most of the waters they swim in hopelessly removed from our lives, but all fishermen are brothers, so we understand.

Any fisherman who has seen a giant fish—perhaps a bass, if not a wild trout—can sympathize with Schwiebert as he stands, heart racing, in the shallows of Argentina's little Boca Ausqueno, watching a world-record brook trout. "It passed 10 feet out," he writes, "its dorsal fin cutting the surface like a shark, and I stared in awe." *Trout* is filled with that kind of wonderment. Of his first boyhood trout on a fly, a 10-inch brown, Schwiebert admits: "I have taken 20-pound salmon that are less pervasive in the mind and that gave me less pleasure."

But *Trout* is far more than just a gracefully written journal. It is also a work of scholarship, of prodigious research. Schwiebert ends one chapter with this statement about fly-fishing: "...we are part of a contemplative sport that is rich with the overtones of centuries and deeply rooted in antiquity." Then, in 170 pages that could stand alone as a classic, he digs deep to reveal these roots, recalling such pre-Wallatians as Confucius, Antony and Cleopatra, and the ancient Chinese sage Chuang Tzu-Ya, who wrote that fishing is "morally edifying." Schwiebert also follows fly-fishing for trout from its beginnings in ancient Macedonia, where they used flies made from ruby-colored wool and feathers the color of dark wax.

In the United States the sport first flow-

ered in the 19th century with the native brook trout of the Eastern mountains. Schwiebert chronicles the rise and decline of that fishery; then, in extraordinary detail, he traces the story of fishing for the rainbow trout and brown trout, which all but took the brook trout's place.

The first rainbow eggs, he writes, sailed around Cape Horn from California to the East Coast in 1874 through wintry seas in ice-filled trays; the first brown trout eggs were shipped from Germany to Plymouth, Mass., in 1882. Schwiebert profiles these two most important species of American trout with great thoroughness and complexity, and does the same for the brook, lake, cutthroat, golden and Dolly Varden trout, and a variety of little-known chars. He includes in his histories anecdotes about men, famous in other fields, who became involved with the fish. Daniel Webster, for example, once caught a world-record brook trout on Long Island.

The pages of *Trout* are filled with obscure and fascinating bits of information, with ichthyology, entomology and ecology, and with personal adventures that entertain as well as instruct. "There was a simple tractor bridge in the haymeadows of a boyhood stream," Schwiebert begins what might have been a cut-and-dried chapter, entitled "Physiology, Habitat and Behavior." He recalls peering down from the bridge, and his fascination with the "singular litherness" of trout, he speaks of Schubert and quotes Yeats before launching into a treatise on fish scales, muscle rhythms and fin structure.

The sensory perceptions of trout? Schwiebert again goes back to his boyhood and tells how hooked grasshoppers, dragged against the current, made the fish suspicious. "How my rod tip and line projecting through the grass triggered them too." He spends 45 pages telling how trout see, hear, feel and avoid capture, concluding that "...scientific and technical intricacies should not diminish our love for the quicksilver poetry of the fish themselves."

Schwiebert also spends 179 pages discussing bamboo: its origins and the intricate details of its miraculous conversion into fly rods. But shining through the enormous mass of facts is an attitude of reverence, it is there throughout *Trout*, permeating the passages on fishing in Yugoslavia, Norway, Ireland, Labrador and Tierra del Fuego, dry and wet flies, streams, bucktails and nymphs, little streams and reservoirs, wading, casting and sinking.

Trout actually weighs only 8½ pounds. But what fisherman ever underestimated the weight of anything with such a name? At \$75 for the set, that is somewhat less than \$10 per pound. A deluxe edition costs \$175, which comes to just over \$20 per pound. Those are lavish prices, but *Trout* is no ordinary fish dinner.

END

A great way to get the most sports car for your money.

The '79 Mazda RX-7: \$7195*



A great way to get the most economy car for your money.

The '79 Mazda GLC: \$3995*

You won't find a better sports car value than the Mazda RX-7. It's one swift (0-50 in 6.3 seconds), smooth running, smooth handling piece of work. Priced, remarkably, under \$7200.*

And you won't find a better economy car value than the new '79 Mazda GLC. Because Mazda's Great Little Car gives you so much more than low price and high mileage (30 estimated mpg, 40 estimated highway mpg**).

A new, snappy 1.4 litre engine. Our GLC for '79 has a bigger 4-cylinder engine. It's quiet,

it's efficient, and more powerful than ever.

A hatchback that's more than a hatchback. The GLC is a roomy, versatile hatchback and then some. Because the rear seat folds completely down. And for even more versatility, you can fold down just half of it.

GLC sets high standards in standard features. The GLC

gives you a lot of great standard features that add up to a lot of great GLC value. Some examples: Power-assisted front disc brakes. Comfortable

reclining front bucket seats. New automatic choke. Styled steel wheels. 4-speed. Electric rear window defroster. And wall-to-wall carpeting.

3-speed automatic or 5-speed manual is available at extra cost on most GLC models.

So get an economy car that offers more than just economy. Look at the well-engineered, beautiful '79 Mazda GLC. It's not a lot of money. But it sure is a lot of Mazda.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices (slightly higher in California). Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. All prices subject to change without notice.

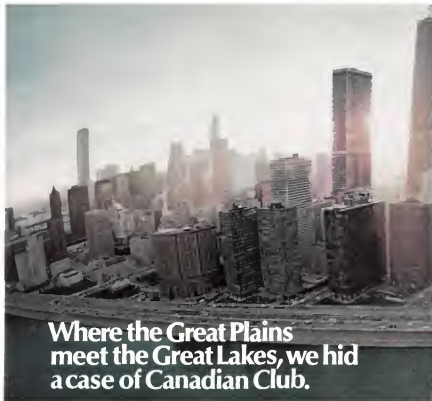
**EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less.

Mazda's rotary engine designed by NSU/ROVER.



mazda

**The more you look,
the more you like.**



Where the Great Plains meet the Great Lakes, we hid a case of Canadian Club.

Chicago.

If you ever needed more reason to visit than its spectacular architecture and windy spirit, you've got it now. For here we've hidden a case of Canadian Club.



To find the C.C., start at a tower with stones from around the world, and cross the street nearest the Alamo stone to an ex-president. Hail the Chief with "The Best In The House," then walk right to the nearest flagpole, turn left and pass eight more

Pass 11 light poles, cross a street and pass three more. Still with us?

Who said "Less is more"?

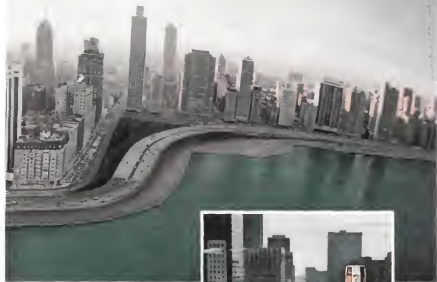
Now look right and find Mr. "Less is more." Back on your former path, continue past a plaque recalling the last time the "buds" were "in," and head straight across an island to an "old hald cheater." Buy him a C.C. He's got time.

Next, head toward Chicago's oldest dwelling, counting columns in the street to 14. Here cross the street, turn right, and walk till you reach footloose rocks (not the kind you'd pour C.C. over). Then traverse the nearest lobby, and head again for the oldest dwelling.

Find an island and a mountain.

If you find "Arts," you're getting warm, so cool off with a C.C. Sour.





Retrace your path past an eastern island and mountain until you're cater-corner from a famous paddler's place. *Here* turn left, walk to the ninth light pole, and find a date four years older than C.C. inside the second door to the right. Now retrace your steps to the corner. In sight once stood a warehouse designed by a famous Bostonian. Learn what its owners did, enter the nearest building whose owners are in the same business, then exit toward water. But don't get wet 'cause you're hot.

Ascend and descend.

Go against the flow, till you spot what Chicago newspapers are full of. Count 'em: ascend that number of floors, descend 90 steps. Enter a place that doubles itself: say "C.C., please," and claim your case. Arrch! ah! adventures can discover C.C. at any of Chicago's taverns, restaurants or package stores with the same request. Just say "C.C., please."

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House" in 87 Lands



19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

© 1979 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



Satisfaction, Camel Filters style.

Some men taste it all. Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.

Only from the Camel Filters blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CAMEL
FILTERS



Famous Camel C

SCORECARD

Edited by JOE JARIS

UNSETTLING

The presidents of the American and National leagues and the Umpires Association last week settled on a new three-year contract. It brought the 52 striking ump's back to work after 45 days, 474 games and countless questionable (or worse) calls by their substitutes.

The men in blue and red made some nice gains. They received raises averaging about \$7,000 a year, increases in per diem expenses, and two-week vacations during the season. The cost to baseball over the length of the pact will be \$2½ million, or about a million more than it would have cost if the presidents had settled before the season. However, there is one unsettling clause. In case of a player strike next year, umpires will be paid for the first 30 days. If the strike lasts all season, they will be paid for 60 days. Thirty days? All season? Let's hope that clause represents lawyers' caution and not well-based fears.

GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN

Dave Romero is a man with a dump truck and a dream. Inspired by the exploits of Evel Knievel, who made his mark jumping over trucks on his motorcycle, Romero wants to fly over motorcycles in his dump truck. 18 cycles, to be precise, a distance of about 60 feet.

In order to land safely, Romero has calculated that he will have to reach a minimum of 140 mph in his 10-ton Kenworth dump truck, but he has yet to determine the length, height and angle of the takeoff and landing ramps. The stunt will cost upwards of \$50,000, which doesn't include the motorcycles or insurance. That explains the advertisements that have been appearing recently in such papers as *Western Truck Trader*, setting forth the prospective stunt along with a phone number to call anytime, because Romero is looking for financial backing. A Southern California truck dealer has offered him \$150,000, but Romero is holding out for more. The tentative jump date is sometime in August, and he says

he'll do it wherever he can get the most money.

"I've been a trucker all my life," says Romero, age 32, who owns a small trucking business in Albuquerque. "If there's anything that can be done with a truck, well, I'm your man. I've never performed a stunt before, but I've been practicing on private and I'm 100% sure I'll make it."

"Think about it," Dave Romero's advertisement proclaims. "It's a great idea." Perhaps.

PRIL'EM UP

Johnny Rodgers, the former Heisman Trophy winner from Nebraska and now a wide receiver for the San Diego Chargers, owns a Rolls-Royce, a Jensen-Henley and a Mercedes, and has also been seen driving a van. Apparently frustrated and aggravated by the long lines for gasoline in Southern California, he found a solution. He bought the ARCO station at Alcott Street and El Cajon Boulevard in San Diego.

A WORD OF CAUTION

Last month, on an unlit country road in Brookhaven, N.Y., two bicyclists out for evening rides collided head on. One thought he had crashed into a tree, until he woke up in a hospital and was told otherwise. He had a broken vertebra in his neck and was put in traction. The other was in a coma for two weeks before dying.

Police estimated that both were going about 20 mph, a speed on impact of 40 mph. Neither was equipped with a light, neither wore a helmet. Their bikes had reflectors, but there was no available light to be reflected.

Fatalities are rare in such accidents, but bike vs. bike collisions are fairly common. And according to a recent report by the National Electronic Injury Surveillance System of the Consumer Product Safety Commission, cycling is the most dangerous athletic activity in America. Last year there were 446,878 hospital-

treated injuries involving bikes, compared with 399,874 in baseball, 394,827 in football and 349,760 in basketball. Most states have laws requiring that a bike be equipped with a light or reflective material and a bell or horn, but enforcement is seldom strict.

The government report doesn't state how many of the cycling accidents involved motor vehicles, but it's clear that cars are not the only moving hazards a cyclist must beware of.

FINANCIALLY FIT

Joseph J. McCann, recreation and parks director for Maryland's Anne Arundel County, likes to inject a little fun into dreary budget proceedings. Two years ago he appeared before the County Council wearing a boxing robe and gloves and ready, he said, to "fight" for his requests. He had the theme from



Rocky playing in the background. Last year he brought along one of his employees dressed in a soccer referee's uniform and handed out "penalties" to any councilman who threatened cuts.

Last week, with a symbolic page of his \$3 million department budget pinned to his T shirt, McCann, 35, 6' 1" and 200 pounds, ran eight miles from his office to the Arundel Center courtyard in Annapolis and presented himself before the council. It was the "Joe McCann Budget Fun Run" and he had covered the distance in 56:56, more than three minutes

continued

With nearly everything going up, it's good to know that one thing is still a bargain.

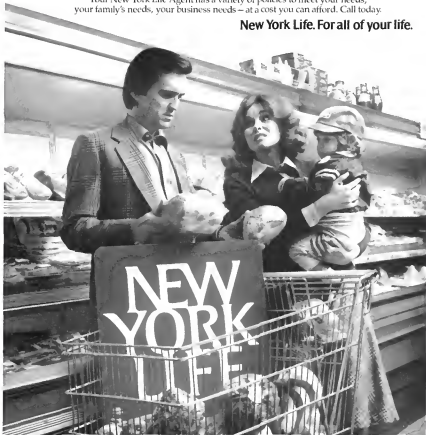
That bargain is New York Life insurance.

The fact is, a dollar's worth of New York Life insurance costs about the same today as it did ten years ago — remarkable in a time of continuing inflation.

Of course, your income and standard of living have risen over the years. That means you probably need *more* protection. But life insurance remains the best way — usually the only way — to give your family real financial security.

Your New York Life Agent has a variety of policies to meet your needs, your family's needs, your business needs — at a cost you can afford. Call today.

New York Life. For all of your life.



New York Life Insurance Company, 53 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Life, Group and Health Insurance. American Mutual Plans.



Easy to take.

Easy to show.



Simulated Projected Image

Two great shapes in movies.

Kodak makes it easy to move up to movies. With the camera that's changed the shape of movie-taking. The Kodak XL movie camera. Beautifully simple. Easy to handle. Easy to shoot, even in low light! At your photo dealer's.



Kodak XL
movie cameras

© Eastman Kodak Company 1979

The Kodak Moviedeck projector has changed the shape of movie-showing. With its unique pull-out viewing screen. Easy-loading, self-threading, instant-replaying. All around easy! For sound movies, ask for the Kodak Ektasound Moviedeck projector. Similar in appearance. And just as easy. Both at your photo dealer's.

Kodak Moviedeck®
projectors



THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A BETTER TIME TO OWN AN OLDS.

The last time you looked for a new car, you looked for such things as engineering, performance, room, comfort and good resale reputation. It just so happens that these are some of the qualities that helped make Oldsmobile the third best selling car nameplate in America.

Today, there is yet another quality which accounts for the current popularity of the cars of Oldsmobile—good gas mileage.

And today, with gasoline prices higher than they've ever been, there are all the reasons in the world for you to seriously consider an Olds.

Look at the gas mileage estimates for these Olds models. You'll find that each ranks high among cars of comparable size.

Remember, the cited EPA estimates are for comparison to other cars. Your mileage depends on your speed, trip length and weather; your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. California estimates

are lower. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

	EPA EST MPG	CAVY EST MPG
OMEGA	24	38
CUTLASS	19	25
DELTA 88	18	27
TORONADO	16	22
NINETY-EIGHT	15	21

Getting a car with good gas mileage is one thing. Getting an Oldsmobile with good gas mileage is quite another.

So look at all the cars available today. Drive, price and compare them all. And we think you'll agree: there has never been a better time to own an Olds.

Oldsmobile

Have one built for you.



NINETY-EIGHT

CUTLASS

DELTA 88

OMEGA

TORONADO



This PPG glass is cutting America's energy bill.

PPG's Twindow[®] Xi[®] glass conserves more heat in the winter and helps reduce air-conditioning needs in the summer—a lot more, compared with clear, single-pane glass. That conserves natural resources and something just as precious: your energy dollar.

Dry gas between two fused panes of glass provides invisible insulation.

The savings is a result of PPG glass engineering. By sandwiching a special dry gas between two permanently fused panes of glass, we produce, in effect, invisible insulation for the home.

Yet, homeowners aren't the only ones saving with PPG glass. Commercial building owners use our insulating and reflective glass to save on heating and air-conditioning bills, too.

The development of energy-saving, high-performance glass is a typical PPG success. We take the products we know best and constantly improve them.

That's the way we do business in glass, chemicals, coatings and resins, and fiber glass. We put more into our products so our customers can get more out of them.

For a multi-industry company, it's a great way to grow.

PPG Industries, Inc., One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

PPG: a Concern for the Future

PPG
INDUSTRIES



under the goal that he had announced. "I told them they couldn't cut my budget if I made it in an hour," he said. "Now, I'm going to tell them they have to give me \$100,000 for each minute I shaved off."

He will get his answer in a week and the council would be well advised to be cooperative. McCann is an ex-linebacker at West Chester State College and there's no telling what stunt—or councilman—he'll tackle next year.

CITRUS, ALTIUS, GASTRITIS

Those who think athletes dine on nothing but fig potassium bars and prune yogurt should examine a new paperback book, *1980 Olympic Games in Moscow Cookbook and Schedule of Events* (Wm C. Brown Company, Dubuque, Iowa, \$5). In a mere 160 pages, the reader gets schedules for 23 sports at the Moscow Games plus 384 "favorite recipes of prospective U.S. participants."

These dishes include Cincinnati chili (Archer Darrell Pace), quick meatball casserole (Sprinter Steve Riddick) and pineapple coffee bread (Basketball Player Kiki Vandeweghe). But the choice contributions are from Ambrose (Rowdy) Games IV, who offers these delicacies: butterscotch crunchies, pineapple burgers with spicy sauce and Calcutta curry.

Gaines specializes in swimming the 100- and 200-meter freestyle, but by the summer of 1980 he may be a super heavy-weight weight lifter.

AND HERE COMES ARBITRARY

An anonymous blonde showed up at Pimlico on Monday, May 14 lugging a briefcase bulging with packets of \$50 and \$100 bills totaling \$60,000. She bet the entire wad to show on Dave's Friend, an odds-on favorite in the eighth race. A mutual clerk took care of \$20,000 of the bet and the money room handled the rest. It took about 30 minutes to punch out 1,200 \$50 tickets. The horse won and Ms. Anon. collected \$2.10 for \$2, or a profit of \$3,000.

The mystery blonde, who is rotund and of medium height, with her hair in a bun atop her head, visited Pimlico again on Friday. This time she wanted to bet \$60,000 to show on Davona Dale, the 1-10 favorite who won the Black-Eyed Susan. She also announced plans for a huge show bet on Spectacular Bid in the Preakness. But she couldn't get down on

either horse because the Thoroughbred Racing and Protective Board, calling Ms. Anon. an "undesirable person," banned her from all Maryland tracks. Gary Fischer, the agent in charge of the Pimlico branch of the TRPB, maintained that "under the law" tracks can exclude anyone deemed undesirable, but he insisted it isn't done arbitrarily.

The blonde may have become undesirable when her \$60,000 bet on Dave's Friend caused a minus show pool, obliging Pimlico to shell out \$11,576.85 of its own money. Unless the TRPB has more evidence of undesirability than betting large sums of money it would seem that arbitrary is indeed the word for this particular ban.

GARDEN PLAN

George Allen may have liked his players old and experienced, but he prefers his fruits and vegetables young and tender. Instead of a game plan, the unemployed coach now has a garden plan. "You've got to have one to space your production," he says. His two-acre plot at his home in Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. is equipped with a time-controlled underground irrigation and fertilization system, and Allen gardens with much of the zeal he used to exhibit in football. He may even lick his thumb.

Allen does the planting, hoeing, raking, weeding and picking. His strawberries are planted on a slope and serve as ground cover, and this year he already has a bumper crop. He grows zucchini, cucumbers, cantaloupes, watermelons, peas, green beans, parsnips, carrots, tomatoes, parsley and several varieties of lettuce, all as carefully arranged as the X's and O's on a blackboard. Last weekend Allen was putting in corn. "You have to keep vegetables coming to the table in orderly fashion," he says.

In addition, Allen has an orchard that yields oranges, grapefruits, tangerines, tangelos, limes, nectarines, avocados, peaches, plums, apples, persimmons, apricots and figs; a berry patch containing raspberries, boysenberries and blackberries; and 20 vines with Concord and muscatel grapes. Says George, "I like to see things grow."

LICENSE TO YELL

In a colorful debate in the Arizona legislature, members representing Phoenix proposed that the state's automobile license plates (formerly coppery orange

and pale green) be painted maroon and gold, which just happen to be the colors of the local university, Arizona State. This didn't sit well with the lawmakers from Tucson, home of the University of Arizona Wildcats, whose colors are red and blue.

The representatives from Phoenix had more votes and, just to make a point after touchdown, they proposed putting ASU's Sun Devil symbol on the plates, too. Cooler heads, espousing separation of college and state, killed that idea.

The State Department of Transportation, which has final authority in the design of license plates, decided not to get caught between gangs of rabid alumni. Sheet aluminum painted maroon already had been ordered, so the bureaucrats figured they would make the numerals white. As *The Arizona Daily Star* wrote, at least Texas A&M fans will be happy.

HORSEHIDE HOLIDAY

If it's Tuesday it must be Veterans Stadium. Dept.: Bill Schroeder, director of the Citizens Savings Athletic Foundation in Los Angeles, has announced his ninth annual Baseball Safari. A fan following the itinerary will be able to see all 26 major league teams in 14 days without seeing any team twice, not even the Minnesota Twins.

Here are the stops, Aug. 24, San Diego; 25, Los Angeles; 26, San Francisco; 27, Montreal; 28, Philadelphia; 29, 30, New York; 31, Boston; Sept. 1, Baltimore; 2, Toronto; 3, Cleveland; 4, a travel day; 5, Oakland, and 6, Anaheim.

No one, including Schroeder himself, has ever gone on one of his cross-country safaris.

THEY SAID IT

- Herman Sarkowsky, treasurer of the Portland Trail Blazers, on Bill Walton's jump to San Diego: "Next year we'll get to see him at least twice in Portland. That's more than we saw him this year."
- Dave Heaverlo, Oakland relief pitcher, offering his plan to solve the California gasoline crunch and the A's poor attendance: "Open a service station in centerfield."
- Elvin Bethea, Houston Oiler All-Pro defensive end, impressed that his team spent its first two draft choices on defensive ends: "We don't know if our line will be better, but at least it will be longer."

The SGT.

Seagram's Gin & Schweppes Tonic.
Mixed with military precision.



The SGT. is Seagram's Gin & Tonic.
Pour 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin over ice.
Fill with Schweppes Tonic. Garnish
with a wedge of lime. Enjoy it!
And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Gin. Perfect all ways.



HE'S THE PHILLIE FILLIP

Along with a hot bat, Pete Rose brought needed ardor to the Phils. But his arrival isn't the only reason that Philly is flying

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

It is early yet, perhaps much too early, to wonder aloud if these new Philadelphia Phillies are not just those old Philadelphia Phillies in muscle shirts. It's too soon to say for certain whether Pete Rose can perform some mass Heimlich maneuver on a grim legacy and personally see to it that the Phillies will choke no more. But whatever the result, the addition of Pete's unique ardor promises to provide the Phillies with the most fascinating passion play of the baseball season. Will Philadelphia lose the lump in its throat and find happiness in true grit?

No team in baseball has a higher payroll than the Phillies—estimated at \$6 million a year—and no team has more richly earned its reputation for being an el pholdo. That's because no team has gone face first into its heagies more regularly in postseason play. By every means imaginable, the Phillies have contrived to stay out of a World Series since 1950, when they went 0-4 against the Yankees. Their last appearance before that was in 1915, and they lost that time, too. In short, the Phillies have never ever won the big one, even after winning their divisional title the last three seasons.

Late last week Philadelphia returned home to Veterans Stadium, comfortably in first place in the National League East but still searching for itself, even after taking two of three from the Cubs in Chicago. That series included a get-away victory by the hilarious score of 23-22. The last time two teams had scored more runs was Aug. 25, 1922, in a

continued

game between—you got it—the Cubs and Phillies in Chicago. Every 37 years or so, the Phils and the Cubbies get together for one of these bashes.

Never mind that balls were flying out of Wrigley Field so fast that the Phils' team ERA went from a league-leading 2.91 to a 3.37, all in one afternoon, and that Tug McGraw, who gave up seven runs in less time than it takes him to blow-dry his hair, went from an ERA of 1.64 to 4.50, all in one inning. The important thing is that when the last of the afternoon's 11 homers, a titanic shot by Mike Schmidt, flew out in the 10th inning, the Phillies had found another new way to win.

So regardless of whether some new calamity overtakes them this year, one thing at least seemed reasonably clear last week. Whatever else they may be, these are not the same Phillies we have come to know and, inevitably, to despair of. For better or—and at those prices, perish the thought—for worse, they are the new Phillies, and if the rest of the major

league teams will just open wide and say ah, Philadelphia will be only too happy to jam the National League pennant and a whole shipping crate of World Series rings down their throats.

"The last three years there was something missing," says Phillie Shortstop Larry Bowa. "We've probably had the best talent in the league for that long, but there was something that just wasn't there when we needed it." When they needed it most, of course, was during the last three National League championship series, in which the Phils were swept 3-0 by Cincinnati and lost 3-1 and 3-1 to the Dodgers. "We've always had guys who would play hard, but we never had somebody like Pete, with that charisma or whatever it is he's got, who would push us and make us all try for something extra."

Rose was the highest-priced bauble in this year's free-agent draft, his freedom having been achieved at the expense of his pride when Cincinnati made only a token effort to re-sign him after 16 years of extraordinary service. Cincinnati President Dick Wagner suggested that Rose's salary demands were excessive for a 38-year-old. To cover his hurt, Rose made a public spectacle of the multimillion-dollar tug-of-war for his but. For several weeks he strode through airports like some barrel-chested Ancient Mariner searching for a friendly port.

And friendship was one of the things that prompted Rose to drop anchor in Philadelphia. Sure the \$3.5 million, four-year contract the Phillies gave him is nice, but it wasn't the best offer he received. He decided on the City of Brotherly Love because of his affection for guys like Bowa and Greg Luzinski and because he felt he was just what the Phillies needed to win a World Series.

And so far he has played as if there is no question of that. After going 2 for 5 last Sunday against Montreal, Rose was batting .354, second-best in the league. "He makes our lineup consistently tough," says Schmidt, who has played no small part in the team's fast start with a league-leading 14 home runs. "With Pete, we're tougher to pitch to, we make



New Sunday-only duds are no feather less than Schmidt or Rose.

more contact with the ball and we have better base running. We used to be an all-or-nothing team. Now we go for the line drive and the bunt, too. We try to move men along. All those things will help us in the long run."

The big question in Philadelphia these days seems to be whether Rose's contribution to the team has been greater as a player or as a psychological force. In addition to hitting well, he has worked fiercely to become solid at his new position, first base. "He was a way-below-average first baseman when he first got the glove," says Manager Danny Ozark. "Then one day he walked into my office and told me not to worry about his defense. He's worked at it constantly. That rubs off. I think in the past our guys didn't have anything to shoot for. Now Pete's out there every day leading the way, setting an example by working hard."

Though it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of Rose's role in Philadelphia's drive for a pennant, it is nonetheless possible that Rose isn't the team's most valuable newcomer. What the Phils lacked most in recent seasons were depth in their starting rotation and a good second baseman who could hit a bit. The addition this spring of righthander Nino Espinosa from the Mets and Second Baseman Manny Trillo from the Cubs has repaired these deficiencies. "Rose is a terrific player," says Expo Manager Dick Williams, "but

Espinosa: late of the Mets, has had a 5-3 start



getting Trillo was the key acquisition the Phillies made. He's a tremendous second baseman."

If anything, Trillo has been better than anyone expected—he was batting .303 and working smoothly with Bowa around second when he became the first casualty on a 16-day road trip the Phillies completed last week. It was a puzzling journey, but it may have been a revealing one, too, because it was during those 16 days that the new Phillies showed what Ozark hopes is their true mettle.

On the first day of the trip, Trillo broke his left forearm when he was hit by a delivery from Dodger Pitcher Rick Sutcliffe, and he will probably remain out of action for another two weeks. The next night, the lefthanded McGraw fractured his right forearm while diving for a ball in the outfield during batting practice and has been pitching with a cast on that arm. A few days later, Luzinski went down with a muscle pull somewhere deep within that ponderous shank that is his left thigh, and his booming bat has been missing ever since. All these injuries came on top of the broken right collarbone that Pitcher Larry Christenson suffered when he fell off a bicycle in February. Christenson didn't make his first start of the season until last Saturday, when the Expos roughed him up for four quick runs en route to a 10-5 victory.

Despite such adversity, the Phillies won 10 of 14 games on the trip, widened their margin over the second-place Expos from one game to four, and emerged from what could have been a disastrous excursion with the best record (24-10) in the majors. Things are not supposed to happen that way, and no one knows it better than the Phils. "We've had our backs to the wall several times already this season," says Schmidt, "and each time we've been able to adjust."

The Phillies responded to their chain of misfortunes by coming up with one sensational replacement after another. When Ramon Aviles, an untried utility infielder, was asked to help fill in for Trillo, all he did through last Friday was hit .480 and get seven hits in eight at bats with men in scoring position. Del Unser, a bargain-priced free agent who was signed in spring training, has replaced Luzinski in left and hit .368, and when Centerfielder Garry Maddox pulled a muscle in his right side in Chicago, Greg Gross batted .313 in his place.

Most important, however, has been

the performance of the starting pitchers, particularly Espinosa and righthander Dick Ruthven, who was acquired last season from Atlanta. When Espinosa came over from the Mets, the first thing he was asked was how he thought he would respond to pitching under pressure. "What do you mean, pressure?" asked Espinosa. "In New York I pitched once when we were trying to keep from losing 100 games. That's pressure."

After foundering against the Expos last Sunday, Espinosa, who was a wretched 2-7 in the late stages of '78, had a .79 record of 5-3 and had a 2.80 ERA, which ranked him among the league's 10 best starting pitchers. Ruthven, who jumped off with a 6-0 rush before being defeated by Montreal on Friday, has the second-best ERA among starters at 2.32. Ruthven's impressive record is really not much of a surprise. After joining the Phils in midseason last year, he was 13-5. So why was he 23-36 during his 2½ seasons with the Braves? "That was just a case of terminal boredom," says Ruth-

ven, "Pitching in front of 800 people didn't get it. All you could do in Atlanta was play for yourself. And you had to hope nobody hit the ball. At least here I can try to get the hitters to beat the ball on the ground and let one of these awesome athletes run it down."

The Phillies, especially the pitchers, were considerably less than awesome at home against the Expos last weekend, losing 5-3, 10-5 and 10-6 in generally soggy conditions. "As mudders, we ain't much," admitted Rose as the Phils' lead was cut to one game. Saill, the Montreal starting pitchers were impressed, especially ace lefty Bill Lee, who didn't survive the third inning on Sunday. In fairness to Lee, he didn't know what he was getting into. "Ross Grimsley lost our scouting report on them," Lee said. "We're still looking for it. All I know about them is they look extremely well fed."

Whatever it is the Phillies have been eating this season, they don't seem to be choking on it.

END

Once so bored his record was blah, Ruthven has created his own excitement in Philly by going 10-6



JUST ONE MORE BIG DANCE TO GO

After waltzing off with the Preakness in near-record time, Spectacular Bid should have a real ball at Belmont, where a victory in that stoned, grueling stakes will make him the third consecutive Triple Crown winner **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Last Saturday afternoon at Pimlico following Spectacular Bid's 3½-length victory in the Preakness, one could almost hear the flapping of wings as the last of the colt's detractors took off for parts unknown.

Bid ran his best race yet. By picking up first money of \$165,300, he pushed his bankroll over \$1 million to become the youngest millionaire in racing history, and he ran the mile and ⅙ths in 1:54½, the second-fastest time in a race that is 104 years old. Appearing to toy with four opponents, Spectacular Bid rolled easily to the finish line to a tremendous ovation from his owners' neighbors in Baltimore, where this handsome gray colt has now become as much of a hero as Brooks Robinson, John Unitas and the blue crab. With the first two legs tucked away, Spectacular Bid must now be considered odds-on to become the third Triple Crown winner in the past three years. On June 9, he will try to complete the sweep in the Belmont Stakes.

The main question about that race is how many opponents the New York Racing Association can muster to run against him. There won't be a bunch. An hour after the Preakness, LeRoy Jolley, the trainer of fifth-place finisher General Assembly, reflected on what he had witnessed. "There were times when I had doubts about Spectacular Bid," he said. "No more. My horse couldn't have beaten him if he had cut through the infield. I've had enough of running against Spectacular Bid for a while. So has the General. Spectacular Bid's Preakness was just plain outstanding from any point of view. I'm a believer."

Bid's time was only ⅙th of a second slower than Canonero II's record of 1:54, which was set on a lightning-fast track. Last Saturday the Pimlico strip was listed only as "good." Spectacular Bid also gave up large chunks of ground by going wide for much of the race.

Unlike Jolley, Marylanders believed in Bid all along, and sent him off at 1 to 10. His winning price of \$2.20 was the smallest since Citation won the Preakness on

his way to the 1948 Triple. Many of the lower-priced tickets purchased on Spectacular Bid will never be cashed; Marylanders will keep them for souvenirs.

It's normal during the two weeks between the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness for new challengers to surface. This year, however, none did, and the five horses that went to the starting gate at Pimlico made the 1979 field the smallest in 31 years—again, since Citation's Preakness. Yet the four other starters had excellent records, having been in the money 44 times in 47 lifetime starts. General Assembly finished second in the Derby, Golden Act third, Flying Paster fifth and Screen King sixth.

At the start of the Preakness, Don Pierce, Flying Paster's jockey, a rider who rarely goes to the lead, found himself in front. He moved his colt away from the rail to get in front of Spectacular Bid, breaking tardily from Post Position 2. General Assembly, in the outside post position, shot quickly away from the gate, and he and Flying Paster battled around the first turn for the lead. The two ran head-to-head for half a mile, with General Assembly gaining a half-length advantage. Bid was in fourth place, losing ground but staying free of trouble.

With a little more than ⅙ths of a mile remaining, Spectacular Bid moved boldly to the front and by the top of the stretch was half a dozen lengths in the clear. Golden Act closed well to finish four lengths in front of Screen King. During the stretch run Franklin hit Bid six times, and when the young Maryland jockey crossed the finish line he repeatedly brandished his whip in exultation.

Minutes later, Franklin accused Screen King's rider, Angel Cordero Jr., of "unsportsmanlike conduct" for going wide on the first turn and on the backstretch. "He was race-riding," Franklin said, "but it's not good sportsmanship." When informed of Franklin's remarks, Cordero bristled.

"Who said that?" he asked.

"Ron Franklin."

"Again?" Cordero said, referring to a

similar outburst after the Florida Derby. "Good. What else is new? I can go anywhere I want with my horse. He fell behind me at the first turn and I didn't cause him any trouble. If he wants to come around me, that's his problem."

Cordero also charged Franklin with "coming over on me" at the half-mile pole. To this, Franklin replied, "Pay back is pay back."

Perhaps Pierce summed up the Preakness as well as anyone. "I thought that we were going into the race with a big shot to beat Spectacular Bid," he said. "Flying Paster ran a lot better in the Preakness than he did in the Derby. I still feel he's a lot better horse than he has shown. But maybe not. Maybe he's looking better horses than he ran against in California this year, and can't handle them. When Spectacular Bid went by me, I tried to go with him but couldn't."

Bid's emergence as a possible third Triple Crown winner in a row naturally has people talking about the phenomenon. When Sir Barton became the first Triple Crown winner in 1919, he was one of a crop of 2,128 foals. Citation was one of 5,819; Secretariat was one of 24,954; Spectacular Bid comes from a group of approximately 30,000. Seemingly, it should be more difficult to win a Triple Crown now than before. But it isn't working out that way.

Horse racing, so steeped in tradition, myth and lore, is, as always, reluctant to admit to something unusual, but it would seem that the 1970s are on the way to becoming the Golden Decade of the Horse. Should Spectacular Bid win the Belmont, it would be his 13th consecutive stakes win, a stunning accomplishment. Colin and Man o' War won 14 in a row, Citation 13, Tom Fool 11, Native Dancer nine, but that is from half a century of racing. The 1970s have had Spectacular Bid, Affirmed with seven straight stakes, Seattle Slew six, Forego six and Secretariat four.

Walking slowly back to the stable area at Pimlico after the Preakness, Bud Delp, Bid's trainer, seemed almost subdued—

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE

for Delp. "Winning the Preakness," he said, "means so much. It's home folks. Yes, we've got one more big dance to go to before this thing is over. I truly felt last September that I had a Triple Crown winner on my hands. Bid can do so many things right. The Preakness was an outstanding race for him. The added distance of the Belmont? Let's have it! I've talked a lot since last fall—maybe too much—but a trainer usually gets only one chance in his life to go down this road, and I'm enjoying it. Spectacular Bid is

versatile; he can handle any kind of track. Maybe what I've been trying to say about this horse all along is that he's unique. Yeah, that's the word, unique. Damned unique."

Delp looked in on Spectacular Bid, drank a couple of beers, posed for pictures and gave interviews. When a woman asked him what the winner's share of the Preakness was, he said, "Ma'am, I don't rightly know. I never thought about it. But I know that by winning the Preakness, Bid went over \$1 mil-

lion in earnings." The exact figure is \$1,123,587.

Then the trainer very quietly called his help aside and tipped them. "I'm going out now and have a couple of drinks and a quiet dinner," he said. The man who had trained a horse to 12 stakes wins, won two-thirds of a Triple Crown and been virtually a one-man band in promoting his horse, reached into his pocket and smiled. "On the most satisfying day of my life," he said, "I got \$1 in my pocket." **END**

After running high, wide and handsome for much of the race, Bid and Franklin tucked in nearer the rail and sailed to the line by a clear and comfortable margin.



THEY WERE SINGING THAT OLD SONG AGAIN

Les Canadiens Sont Là resounded through the Forum Monday night as Montreal overcame New York to win its fourth straight Stanley Cup by E. M. SWIFT



Dryden gained a reprieve when Larocque was injured, then regained his winning form in goal.

It seems absurd that the Montreal Canadiens, those seigneurs of hockey, would ever feel the need to vindicate themselves, but such was the case in the Stanley Cup finals last week. For almost two months the Montreal players had read *Les Canadiens sont mort* on every face in Quebec.

After all, the Canadiens had finished second to the New York Islanders—by one point—in the NHL's overall standings, a sure sign to skeptics that the foundation of their dynasty had decayed. Then, in the Cup semifinals, the beleaguered Canadiens had barely scraped past Boston by the margin of an overtime goal in the seventh game. And when the New York Rangers had soundly trounced them 4-1 in the opener of the finals—right there in the Forum—well, *sacré bleu*, the word on rue Ste-Catherine was, "Those players, they do not deserve to wear the uniform that the Rocket wore."

"People think of Montrealers as being such sophisticated hockey fans," says one Quebecer. "but they're the same as people everywhere else: 'What have you done for me lately?'"

Well, lately—Monday night, in fact—the Canadiens gave their followers another Stanley Cup as they beat the New York Rangers for the fourth straight time to take the series four games to one. It was *Les Canadiens'* fourth consecutive Cup, their eighth in 12 seasons and their 22nd in history—but the first Cup won at the Forum since 1968, when their captain, Serge Savard, was a rookie.

And now, as the Forum reverberated with the traditional victory song—*Les Canadiens Sont Là*—it was Savard who was hosting the Cup and skating around in triumph. All was forgiven.

Savard grinned. "It's always the last game that the people remember."

Before Monday night's game, Montreal Goaltender Ken Dryden, perhaps the one Canadian who had to vindicate himself the most, offered an explanation for the fans' discontent. "This season things

have not gone in a nice progression, the way they have in years past," he said. "It's been three steps forward, two steps back all year long."

For Dryden and the Canadiens, it was one giant step backward in the 4-1 opening loss to the Rangers, then a small step backward in the first minutes of Game 2 last Tuesday night when the Rangers surged to a 2-0 lead. Dryden, who played erratically throughout the Boston series, had been lifted after the second period of Game 1, having surrendered all four goals. Michel (Bunny) Larocque, his longtime backup, was scheduled to play Game 2, his first playoff start since 1974.

But with exactly one minute to go in the pregame warmup, Doug Rosebrough fired a rising shot that cracked the plastic of Larocque's cage mask and crashed against the goaltender's forehead. Down went Larocque. "It was like walking on a boat with the sea really moving," he said after he had returned from the hospital, his brow a purplish brown.

Dryden was greeted by a chorus of boos when announced as the Montreal goaltender, and when two of the Rangers' first three shots went past him, the Forum fans rose and shook their programs at him threateningly. Leading 2-0 after only seven minutes of play, the precocious Rangers were entertaining thoughts of a two-game sweep in Montreal, a four-game sweep of the series and New York's first Stanley Cup in 39 years.

It took the Canadiens only 3:50 to wipe the smugness from the Rangers' faces as Yvon Lambert and Guy Lafleur tied the game at 2-2. Then, four minutes later—at 16:27—Bob Gainey beat Ranger Goalie John Davidson for what proved to be the winning score. In less than eight minutes Montreal had scored as many goals on Davidson—three—as he had allowed in all of his 14 previous playoff games, discounting overtimes.

Unfortunately for the Rangers, Montreal was just tuning up. Skating like the Canadiens of old (three steps forward), Montreal added three more goals—six straight for the game—as Dryden was shutting out New York the rest of the way. The 6-2 win evened the series.

Coach Fred Shero admitted that his Rangers were due for a bad game—they had gone a month without one—but it was an undeniably listless performance, one that, as Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman put it, "took the air out of their balloon."

"Boy, did I play rotten," said Ranger Center Phil Esposito. Part of Esposito's problem was his concern with Bowman's tactics. Two of Montreal's lesser-known defensemen, Rod Langway and Rick Chartraw, had been a little too aggressive for Esposito's liking during the first two games, and he went on record as saying they were Bowman's personal messengers of ill will. Bowman and Esposito had held a mutual grudge since the 1976 Canada Cup tournament, in which Esposito was unceremoniously benched by the Canadiens' coach. In one amusing interview back in New York, Ranger major-domo Sonny Werblin accused Bowman of sending Langway onto the ice to "ram his stick into Esposito's eyes" and called for his banishment from the world of sport.

Shero would have none of Esposito's or Werblin's whining. "Phil's a big boy, he can take care of himself," he said. "It's a man's game. Give him a stick if the ref doesn't stop it."

When the series moved to New York for Game 3 Thursday night, Montreal played flawlessly and won 4-1, holding New York to just 20 shots on Dryden. The only goal the Rangers could put past him was a fluky shot by Ron Duguay that deflected off Savard's skate.

Meanwhile, Dryden's down-and-up week was further clouded by reports that he was a) considering retirement after the season in order to study for his bar exam, b) considering a reverse defection of sorts to the Soviet Union so he could play hockey there for a season—which prompted lots of Siberia jokes in Montreal—and c) considering writing a book on the order of a *Balt Four* on ice. Dryden denied none of these—stressing that they were ideas—although he did say, "You end up writing a book that suits your personality, and *Balt Four* isn't exactly my personality." But he denied feeling vindicated by the two wins. Then, when a reporter said he had timed the Garden's pregame standing ovation for the Rangers at two minutes, Dryden couldn't resist a friendly poke at the fans in Montreal. "Even a sitting ovation would be something there," he said. "Even sitting silence."

Esposito was held scoreless again in Game 3, and at one point the always pacifistic Esposito was so frustrated that he actually threw a punch—maybe the first of his 18-year career—at Langway, a 21-year-old native of Boston who had once—in a gentler time—received a

scholastic hockey award from Esposito, then a Bruin.

Esposito finally broke his mini-slump Saturday night in Game 4, which the Canadiens won 4-3 in overtime. Esposito set up the Rangers' second goal, then put New York ahead 3-2 in the third period by snapping a shot through Dryden's legs. But two minutes later, Gainey—the best forward in the series—evened the score with a spectacular individual effort. When Davidson cleared the puck into the corner, Gainey bowled over Defenseman Dave Maloney, picked up the puck, skated out in front and shot it past Davidson.

Montreal totally dominated the overtime and, in fact, scored twice—fairly unusual for sudden death. First, Larry Robinson slapped a long shot past Davidson, but the puck traveled so fast that neither the goal judge nor the referee saw it enter the net and slingshot out. But then Savard, who seems to pace himself for such moments, took a pass from Lafleur and backhanded it over Davidson's shoulder—and the red light went on.

As the Canadiens departed for Montreal with a 3-1 edge, and the ghosts of Canadian-teams-past off their backs for the first time all season, Savard said about the Rangers, "They're a great team for the future. But we have so much more experience. I think they will have to wait another year or two."



Gainey won Game 2 and sent Game 4 into OT

WASHINGTON WEATHERS A LATE ICE STORM

The Bullets needed a miracle comeback to beat the Spurs, who got two 42-point performances from George (Iceman) Gervin **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

As professional basketball's championship series wanders across days, nights and time zones, there is no cause for alarm if the Washington Bullets appear cold, arrogant, unhappy and disinterested. You know, the current gas-station-attendant look. That is their style. Also, it will hardly be unexpected if the Bullets struggle to a distant seventh game after either 1) pounding out a huge lead over their old friends from last year's championship series, the Seattle SuperSonics, or 2) falling behind by an equally wide early margin.

That is what Washington did while squandering a 3-1 lead before disposing of Atlanta in the seventh game of the Eastern semifinals. And that is what the champions did in their next escapade when they rallied from two games behind in the Eastern finals to sweep three straight from San Antonio.

"This is history. I love history," Elvin Hayes bubbled after the Bullets' dramatic, come-from-behind 107-105 victory in Landover, Md.

The 6'9" Hayes could have been referring to a couple of you-could-look-it-up items. The Bullets had just become only the third team in league history to win a series after trailing 3-1 (the '68 Celtics and '70 Lakers were the others). And they had just become only the second defending champion in a decade to bring their way back into the finals (the '73 Lakers were that other one). More appropriately, Hayes could have been talking about himself. Long known as the quintessential "choker" who disappeared in the big moments, the turn-around-shooting, glass-crashing Big E must have realized that this seventh game, combined with his seventh game in the pulsating series against Atlanta, had buried that notion for good.

Three weeks before, when the Bullets had their backs to the wall, Hayes scored 39 points in Game 7 against the Hawks,

while his teammate, the marvelous money player, Bob Dandridge, added 29. Then last Friday night Dandridge poured in 37 points and Hayes 25 in the final game against the Spurs. That is 130 combined, for those with scorecards, and that is not to mention what the two did to the stunned Texans in the last eight seconds, namely Dandridge firing the game-winning jumper from 16 feet out, followed by Hayes contributing the game-winning blocked shot (his seventh of the evening, this one on James Silas) from, say, 116 feet up.

Suffice it to say that after San Antonio's amazing George (Iceman) Gervin had put in 42 points; after Washington Coach Dick Motta had called time-out with 25 seconds left (his team having made up a two-game deficit in seven days and a 10-point deficit in 10 minutes); after Motta said to Dandridge in the huddle, "Bobby, it's your ball. Go out and win the damn game"; and after Dandridge did just that, and Hayes had saved the game; after all of this, the most harrowing week in Bullets' history was finally over.

"I about passed out," said Motta. "Now I know what Vince Lombardi meant. To get there is tough. To stay there is tougher." And nothing could have been tougher than the first game of the finals against Seattle last Sunday. The Bullets lost an 18-point lead in the last quarter only to prevail on Larry Wright's two free throws after time had expired, winning 99-97.

For a major portion of the semifinal series, the implacable Iceman and his looney-gooney Spurs had kept the slumping Bullets on edge. After the teams had split the opening games in Landover, Gervin went back home to San Antonio for some

Dandridge had it in the clutch again, scoring 37 points in Game 7, including the winning basket





The Iceman, Gervin, cometh and goeth and he almost put the Bullets in a permanent deep freeze

exquisite ice dancing. In Game 3 he scored 29 points as the Spurs won 116-114 and as, unbeknownst to her husband, Mrs. Ice gave birth to a premature daughter named Tia.

Even before anyone could ask if the baby's middle name could possibly be Maria, Ice Daddy had exploded in Game 4 with a 42-point number—including an astounding 18 in a row—as the Spurs ran the Bullets out of the HemisFair Arena by 118-102.

When the affable Gervin was not hurling forth incomprehensible baskets or passing out obligatory cigars—these were said to be his first passes of the week—he somehow found time to delineate his impressions of the round so far. Gervin on his philosophy: "Ice's game is to put it in the hole." On the psychological aspects of the battle: "The Bullets know they can't stop Ice. Ice knows he's got them on the run." On a bygone quarrel with a journalist with whom he once refused to speak about such matters: "It's all still cool. Jesus Christ forgave. Why not Ice?"

While Coach Doug Moe, the eminently laid-back leader of the equally laid-back Spurs, was busying himself with golf games, gin rummy hands and press conferences—"Study films? Sure, I watch Tarzan," he said—Motta was gaunt and testy, haggard and humorless.

There were sufficient reasons. The Washington bench had been depleted,

with Mitch Kupchak out with a back injury and Larry Wright rendered ineffectual following a sprained ankle. In Game 2 Hayes had jammed the middle finger of his shooting hand and was in the midst of painful, hot-wax dipping treatments. In Game 4 Dandridge, sometimes triple-teamed, made just three baskets. Even Wes Unseld—whom Moe delighted in referring to as "the 300-pound moving stump"—was being jostled into a non-factor by the skinny Spurs.

Then there were the Bullet guards. Ah, yes, the guards. Or rather, oh, no, not the guards again. Carrying over their terrible shooting from the Atlanta series, Kevin Grevey and Tom Henderson had missed 68 of 115 shots in the first four games against San Antonio, while yesterday's hero, Choo Choo Charlie Johnson, had failed on 21 of 32.

Armed with little else, Motta went directly to his guile bag and aimed for the Spurs' psyches. "If we could only play to 70% of our ability... we're 15 points better," he said. "The pressure is all on them now. The Spurs can't hold leads. I see it in their eyes." Motta also worked on the Bullets. "This team is not in character yet," he said. "This is not my team."

One day someone wondered whether Motta had asked Forward Dandridge to work in backcourt and to guard Gervin, which he did in last year's playoffs. And whether Dandridge, who still harbors a grudge over the fact that he's paid \$200,-

continued

000 a year less than Hayes for ostensibly more varied work, had refused, which he was rumored to have done this year. "I didn't hear that question," Motta snapped, walking away.

Hayes summed up the Bullets on the brink of extinction. "It's all so different from last season when we were relaxed. The pressure. The mental part. Everyone's after us. Defending this..." He paused. "This is the hardest thing I've ever done."

Their insouciance and arrogance uselessly now, their weaknesses exposed, their reputations in the balance, the Bullets finally started to perform with emotion.

In Game 5 at home, Hayes collected 24 points and 22 rebounds, Grevey and Henderson (the latter rediscovering how to make a layup) converted 17 of 35 shots, and Greg Ballard, the Bullets' most consistent reserve, added another fine performance off the bench as Washington won 107-103.

For Game 6 back in the HemisFair, a bloodthirsty Spurs crowd greeted the visitors with howls, boos, flying cups of Lone Star and one sign: MOTTA; LOOK INTO OUR EYES. But the Bullets moved to an early lead as Grevey played the fire out of Ice.

"If Gervin doesn't get the ball for a

while, he goes into a lull," said Grevey. "He stops running and working for it. I was in his chest."

Among other places, The Iceman got only eight points by halftime (a quiet 20 for the game) and had virtually gone into seclusion even as the Spurs roared back to even the score in the third quarter. But from 82-81 (the game's 16th tie) early in the fourth quarter, Hayes single-handedly turned the game around. He converted a three-point play, blocked a Mike Green jumper, turned away a Gervin grenade and dunked an easy one himself. By that time the Bullets led 89-82, Gervin had missed five shots in a row

continued

BIG DADDY SHOWS THE KIDS

Downtown Freddie Brown, the Seattle SuperSonics' guard who looks more like the 2,000-year-old man than a basketball player, throws a towel at a naked Paul Silas in the locker room and says, "Hey, Big Daddy. Don't be walking around like that. At your age, a cold would send you to bed forever."

Gus Williams rushes into a flurry of fists when a fight suddenly breaks out between Silas and Phoenix' Gar Heard in Game 7 of last week's Western Conference finals. "Paul, you're our heart and soul," says Williams after the Sonics have beaten the Suns 114-110 to advance to the finals against Washington. "The boys can't let anything happen to you. You're frail."

The 35-year-old Silas takes the jibes with his characteristic grin, maybe the biggest grin

in all the NBA. He's used to being the "old man." After all, Tracy Cannon, the one-year-old daughter of his stepdaughter, Donna, will soon be calling him "Grandpa."

Silas already was the "old man" when he helped carry the Boston Celtics to two NBA championships (in 1974 and 1976). Last year he helped drive the SuperSonics to within one game of the championship. And now he is in the finals again. He and Washington's Wes Unseld, nearly three years Silas' junior, are participating in their fourth NBA championship series, more than any other active players.

It's silly, of course, that Silas should be thought of as a doddering octogenarian, but the nature of Silas' game invites the comparison. Fifteen years of beating his 6'7", 225-

pound body against increasingly younger, as well as bigger and even stronger, men, doing the game's dirty work—defense and rebounding—have taken their toll. That he is still doing it today lends substance to the argument that he is the greatest sub-6'11" rebounder ever to play the game. "And remember," he said needlessly to a reporter last week, "I can't shoot any better than you can."

An even greater measure of Silas' importance to the Sonics is reflected in the skill and confidence of his younger teammates. He is, in every sense, the team's elder statesman, and while other coaches might feel encroached upon by players who tutor teammates, Lenny Wilkens says, "Look anywhere on our team and you'll see Paul's influence."

He has helped to steady Williams and Dennis Johnson, the enormously talented, if sometimes slightly flaky, guards. But his influence is most apparent in the play of Seattle's young big men, Lonnie Shelton and Jack Sikma. Shelton came from New York before the season, raw but oozing with talent. Silas helped him cut down his excessive fouling and put him through the definitive course on offensive rebounding. When an injury to Tom LaGarde forced Sikma to move from forward to center, Silas gave Sikma his well-researched "book" on how to play the league's various centers.

Two years ago, after he had been abandoned by Boston and spent a "useless" season in Denver, Silas was close to retiring. "I really thought that maybe I couldn't do it anymore," he says. But Wilkens, an old friend and teammate on the St. Louis Hawks from 1964 to 1968, felt Silas might be a steady influence on the baby Sonics.

"Paul and I had lots of talks," says his wife, Carolyns, "and finally he decided just to be the old Paul Silas again."

It was a good decision, both for the Sonics and Silas.

—JOHN PAPANEX



In some circles, influence peddling is taboo, but not Silas' brand, which put Seattle in the finals.



The new Panasonic portable VHS™ tapes little games outdoors and big games indoors.

The little games with all those big moments. Your kid's first birthday. Your parents' 50th anniversary. Tape them now on the new Panasonic portable VHS. So you can relive them years from now.

The portable VHS home video tape recorder (PV-2200) and color camera with sound (PK-300) are lightweight. They work anywhere with rechargeable batteries. So on a single charge you can shoot for 30 minutes, unlike Super 8 where you have to stop and reload every few minutes. And with tape there's no developing. You can also use it over and over. You can actually use the camera's 1½" TV screen to see an instant replay of what you taped. That means you won't come home missing any of those great shots.

At home, watch more than your kid's little games. Because the Panasonic portable VHS—like every Panasonic VHS—lets

*you record from your TV for up to 4 hours on one cassette to catch those long movies and extra-inning big league games.**

The new Panasonic portable VHS works indoors and out. So you can record life's prime times.



TV picture simulated. Subject to screen resolution.

*CAUTION: Unauthorized recording of copyrighted TV programs, films, video tapes and other materials may violate the rights of copyright owners and be contrary to copyright law.



Panasonic.
Just slightly ahead of our time.

"13 YEARS AGO I BOUGHT THIS VOLVO BECAUSE IT WAS ADVERTISED AS THE 11 YEAR CAR"

— William Stiles, Bronx, New York



13 years ago, William Stiles, an expert in American Indian history and artifacts, discovered the treasure you see here: a 1966 Volvo.

He bought it because ads of the time said Volvos were so durable they lasted an average of 11 years in Sweden.

As Mr. Stiles recalls: "One ad said that a Volvo was so tough, you could 'Drive it like you hate it.' I did exactly that. In my field work I've driven this car 295,000 hard miles, much of it through former Indian territory. It's held up even better than promised. Driving it like I hated it made me love it."

Expressions of love are not uncommon among Volvo owners. In fact, 9 out of 10 people who have bought new Volvos are happy.

So if you're unhappy with your current car, do what Mr. Stiles once did after reading one of our ads. Buy one of our cars. A car you can believe in.

VOLVO



© 1983 Volvo of America, Ltd. All rights reserved.

and, as if that wasn't enough, here came Dandridge replacing Grevey to harass the Ice man some more.

What this personnel switch forced Moe to decide was where to hide Gervin's lazy, idling defense. On the tricky scorer, Dandridge, or on the power rebounder, Ballard? Accepting his poison straight up, Moe kept Larry Kenon on Dandridge and ordered Gervin over to Ballard, for all it mattered. In the final 7:42 the two Bullets shared 17 of their team's last 19 points as Dandridge lured Special K to the outside, where he shot at will, while Ballard grabbed everything Dandridge missed and then jammed it back in over Gervin. Washington won going away, 108-100.

Ballard, who had 19 points and 12 rebounds in 29 minutes, said he wasn't that surprised by his performance. "I play with confidence when I know I'm not getting yanked in and out," he said. The second-year man acknowledged a novel team attitude. "The veterans here are usually blasé and that attitude spreads," he said. "But tonight I saw our glares all around."

A radio man with "KBUC" spelled out on his funny cap breathlessly asked Hayes, "Your guards, they really played tonight, right E?"

"We came out of a deep hole. Now we're back on level ground," said a puzzled E.

A mass belief that the Spurs might just as well phone in their score on Friday, saving themselves the long and futile journey to Capital Centre, was toned down by the knowledge of how difficult it is for any NBA crew to whip any other three times running. For all its faults and fiascos, pro basketball may be the most competitive sport on the planet—and the most unpredictable.

Sure enough, in Game 7 San Antonio took a 21-18 first-quarter lead with Gervin—get this—scoring zero. Then the Spurs took an 82-76 third-quarter lead with Gervin—when—having scored 34 on his way to his 42-point performance. Up to this time the Bullets again seemed listless (excepting the 6'11" Wright, whose fight with 6'9" Mark Olberding emptied both benches) and were being thoroughly outplayed.

But after the Spurs scored the first two baskets of the final period to lead 86-76, they became tentative and careless. Kenon had consecutive layups blocked by Hayes. Then the team suffered a no-shot,

continued



"I couldn't believe that just walking could be such good exercise. But it's true."

Will and Tish Grant have discovered that there is a way to get in shape and stay in shape:

1. Start gradually. When you begin, just walk briskly for 15 minutes or so each day.
2. After a week or two, increase your level of activity a little bit each day. Soon you'll be up to a half an hour a day.
3. Set a specific time each day. Make exercise a part of your daily routine.
4. Get a friend to join you. Someone to talk to. Make it fun, not a chore.
5. Most important, stay with it.

In the long run, you'll be the winner.

For more information write:
Fitness
Washington, D.C. 20201



ONE OF THE WORLD'S CLASSIC DESIGNS.



CROSS
SINCE 1946

Desk sets in a variety of select bases. Suggested prices from \$35 to \$600.

WHAT RACQUET HAS WON MORE WIMBLEDON TOURNAMENTS THAN ANY OTHER?



MAXPLY FORT™ BY **DUNLOP**
THE BETTER YOU ARE THE MORE YOU NEED IT

BULLETS *continued*

24-second violation—an epochal even in Spur annals. Dandridge—now guarding Gervin till death do them part—kept denying Ice the ball, then scoring himself on those wondrous shots he calls “riders.” And the Bullets rallied to win in 101–95 with 3:05 left.

Worst of all for the Spurs, they now had placed themselves in the vulnerable position—Game 7, on the road, battling against the champions and a raucous crowd—of having to score a clear knockout to win. They didn’t get it, in part because of what the Spurs and some observers thought were ill-advised calls by Referee John Vanak.

On successive Bullet trips down the floor during the closing minutes, Olberding and Green were whistled out of the game with disqualifying sixth fouls—the former for elbowing around a screen (a play out of which Unseld has made a career), the latter for blocking off Ballard, who was hurling a back-to-the-basket, two-hand, no-look scoop prayer while jumping backward into the Spur center.

Then on successive Spur offensive forays, Bully Paultz was called for pushing on a rebound, and next—the most arguable call of the bunch—Paultz again was whistled as he made a simple hand-off to a teammate. The Bullets’ Henderson bounced off him, fell to the floor and came up clapping.

“I’ve been in the league long enough to know not to set an illegal pick in the clutch,” Paultz was to say bitterly. “Henderson did a flop, that’s all.”

When the dust had settled, the Bullets had tied the game at 103. Still another favorable Bullet foul call (against Gervin on a double-team after which the ubiquitous Ballard swished two free throws for 105–103 at 36 seconds) and Silas’ 14-foot jumper in the lane tied the contest. That furnished a suitable prologue for one more Motta time-out, one more Dandridge rider—three Spurs ran at Bobby D on the baseline but all fell back instead of jumping with him—and one more blocked shot by Hayes.

“Maybe—like Bill Russell said of himself—this whole team is afraid to lose,” said Hayes afterward. “Let the Spurs talk about fouls. They went to protect the lead, but we was right back on ‘em. We keep pulling these little magical things. Atlanta. Now San Antonio. But three strikes and we’re out, you know.”

We know. E knows. But do the Seattle SuperSonics know?

END

U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Box or Menthol:

**10 Carlton have
less tar than 1:**

	Tar mg./cig	Nicotine mg./cig		Tar mg./cig	Nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9	Salem Lights	10	0.8
Kool Milds	14	0.9	Vantage	11	0.8
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8	Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6	Winston Lights	13	0.9
Merit Menthol	8	0.6			

Of all brands, lowest...

Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per
cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

	Tar mg./cig	Nicotine mg./cig
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

Carlton is lowest.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Less than
1 mg. tar,
0.1 mg. nicotine.



Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine, Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report May '78

LOSING SEARCH FOR A WINNER

The crowds at the Orlando arena are sparse, and the operation costs more than it makes, but Pete Ashlock keeps spending in hopes that one world champ will emerge from his spotless gym

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Pete Ashlock, boxing manager and promoter, pushes back his \$300 cowboy hat and contemplates the glories of the Florida sun and the complexities of his personality. "I'd say I am the most honest, generous, upright, benevolent person in the whole world," he says. And how would he describe himself if he were telling the truth? "I'd say I'm a sorry, no-good s.o.b., but if I was better educated, I'd do better."

No one questions Ashlock's savvy, but everyone agrees that in an earlier life he was probably a thorn. He operates out of Orlando. Among his detractors are the U.S. Government, which once filed a six-count tax-evasion indictment against him, and Orlando city fathers, who can't stand—or understand—Ashlock's brand of Old West individualism and straight talk. He says the cornerstone of his philosophy is "Don't ever say no until you hear the price."

Veteran fight manager and trainer Angelo Dundee says of Ashlock, "He's fair and his word is truly his bond." That's the scouting report on Ashlock. If he gives you his word, take it to the bank. His promises don't take funny bounces. Ashlock is among the last of those who think that all things are possible as long as you do them yourself. "When I decide to have a board meeting," says the

self-made millionaire, "it takes about two seconds for everybody to get there and vote. And what you've got to remember is there ain't one Government employee who will ever help you do anything, but that every one of 'em will try to keep you from doing something."

A perfect example of how Ashlock, a former Texas rodeo cowboy, flies in the face of conventional wisdom is his boxing club in Orlando, which is both a club for boxers and an arena in which club fighters appear. Whatever made Ashlock think that a fight club, which stages pro bouts every other Tuesday night, would succeed in Orlando? "Nothing," says Ashlock. "I never thought it would succeed. Orlando ain't a sports town." So why try? "I like it. Besides, you got to build talent somewhere. Why not here?"

Sure enough, boxing isn't succeeding in Orlando. Indeed, it's an abject failure, financially. Townspeople stay away in droves from his Orlando Sports Stadium, which could seat 9,500 for boxing, the biggest crowd ever was 3,858, and 1,000-1,200 is closer to normal. But Ashlock perseveres, saying, "When a promoter quits dreading about a full house, he'd better get out of the business. A good promoter has always got to have a good excuse. That's the most important thing. Like when we have a small crowd, I say,

"Well, the Winn-Dixie store stayed open too late." It doesn't matter how good the excuse is, long as you got one."

Still, Ashlock's club—about 15 pros are under contract to him, and 25 or so amateur fighters are also members—is one of the busiest boxing facilities in the country. It is thus a blockbuster success, artistically. Dundee credits Ashlock with being one of the nation's most active promoters. New York matchmaker Gil Clancy says, "Ashlock isn't impossible to deal with. All he wants is the best match and the most money." There are only four boxing capitals in the U.S.: New York, Los Angeles, Las Vegas and Orlando. Chris Dundee, the Miami promoter, says of Ashlock, "He's got to love boxing, because God knows how much money he has lost on it."

Ashlock has lost money on every one of his boxing shows. Conversely, he makes money on every one of his weekly wrestling shows. This year he'll stage 155 events in the Sports Stadium, including rodeos, horse shows, rock shows and boxing. The other night he took in \$5,176 on a boxing card; his expenses were \$7,000. "Don't matter," says Ashlock. "I just bought a \$1,900 ticket and I had a good time." And in the post-midnight shadows of the barnlike stadium, he explains that "when you're trying to sell

continued

Over Training Is
A Myth!

THE HARDER YOU
WORK - THE MORE YOU
GET OUT OF IT. POLO

Stand BACK from
MIRRORS - Don't
SWEAT AND WATER
THEM.

BOX CLEANLY • DON'T FOUL



STRENGTHEN YOUR KICKS
BY KICKING AT THE WALL
THE MORE YOU KICK THE WALL
THE MORE YOUR KICKS WILL
GAIN STRENGTH



the public something you like, you're at their mercy. If we'd had more people tonight, I'd have lost less, and if we'd had less people, I'd have lost more. But boxing is an individual thing and I like that. And if I keep two or three kids off the street or out of jail, it's worth it to me."

But Ashlock really keeps going, he says, for one reason. "My hope is getting me a champion." Ever since that day in 1969 when Dean Chance, the American League's Cy Young Award winner in 1964, walked into Ashlock's office, said he owned a fighter and asked Ashlock to put on a card, Ashlock has been hooked. That only 1,200 fans showed up for the occasion is proof that Ashlock was easy to convince. His hopes for getting a champion are slim, like anyone else's, but a New York friend and promoter, Frank Curry, says, "The thing that's different about Pete is that he's willing to take a chance and to back up his conviction with cash."

Indeed, when the ABA was in business, league officials encouraged Ashlock to buy a basketball floor and hinted at the possibility of a franchise. Says Ashlock, "I spent \$33,000 for a floor, got three ABA games, lost \$7,500 on each one—and didn't meet a gentleman in the whole mess." He sold his floor for \$12,500. When Ashlock got the closed-circuit television rights for Orlando for the 1974 Ali-Foreman fight, he spent \$18,000 to advertise it on the side of city buses for a month. Seven days before the month was up, the fight was postponed. The delay guaranteed another money-losing event for Ashlock, but he did it all over again. "The only way you can kill a damn cowboy," he says, "is to cut his head off, then hide it."

Curry also says that anything Ashlock sets out to do eventually gets done. So if the phrase "...wearing red trunks, the world champion from Orlando, Florida..." doesn't sound very plausible, who's to say it might not someday? But even Dominick Polo, who trains Ashlock's boxers, is candid when asked to name the best fighter ever to come out of Orlando: "None."

The star, if fading, of the Ashlock stable is Edgar (Mad Dog) Ross, a 154-pounder who once held the North American junior welterweight crown. But Mad Dog Ross has never won the titles of the organizations that count, the World Boxing Council (which once ranked him as the No. 3 junior welterweight) or the

World Boxing Association. Ashlock remembers when Ross drifted into the Orlando gym three years ago. "You talk about a wild, rank bum," he says. "He didn't give a damn for nothing. He was just tough." Ross subsequently ran up 50 straight victories and fights were hard to come by, says Polo, because his record was too good.

Edgar ("That doesn't sound like a fighter, does it? Sounds like a poet") got his nickname back home in Tuscaloosa after a furious sparring session with a heavyweight. "Man," said the bigger man, shaking his head, "you fight like a mad dog." "Every town has its Top 10 toughest guys," says Ross. "I wanted to be in the Top 10 in Tuscaloosa."



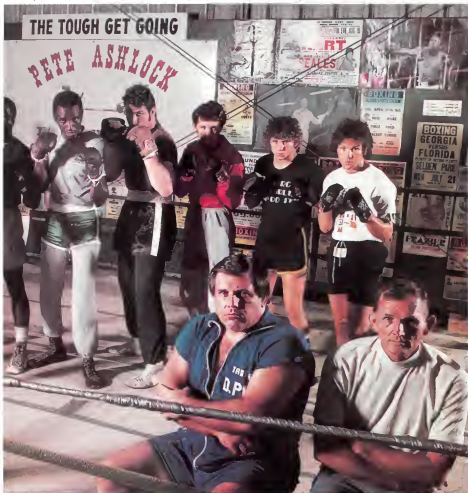
Ross staged his fights ("I was a pretty good promoter, too, just like Mr. Ashlock") either in the parking lot of the McDonald's across from the high school or in Bowers Park. He recalls that folks would show up with knives, guns and tire tools. "I'd fight and the war would be on," says Ross. "Several people would always be carried off to the hospital. Worst of all,

sometimes it was me. I tell you, fear makes you fight like hell. Once a guy raised his pistol at me and fired it point-blank. I knew he couldn't miss me, and when the gun went off I figured I was so excited that I just didn't feel it." The shot somehow missed. Ross later served in the Navy, firing guns on a destroyer off Vietnam. He spent his service years fighting

and carousing, and by 1970 he was back in Tuscaloosa, looking for trouble and doing pills. He'd buy them by the gross at a truck stop "I couldn't see where I was going, but that was only because I wasn't going anywhere," he says. Then he fell in with Ashlock. Mad Dog has now become a solid citizen, even to the point of attending college. He rents a small house

continued

Backed by his stable (some are a bit more stable than others), promoter Pete Ashlock (left) is aided by trainers Dominick Polo and Steve Elliott





with orange trees in the backyard. He barbecues chicken for neighbor kids (in turn, they rake his yard), plays Scrabble and lives with his two dogs.

But, alas, Ross and his 50 straight victories went to Kansas City recently for a \$17,000 payday against Tony Chaverrini, the WBC's seventh-ranked middleweight. Ross' biggest previous purse had been \$1,600. "He's not going to throw anything I haven't seen before," Ross was saying before the fight. And, indeed, Chaverrini didn't. Just a lot more and a lot harder. In the ninth round, Ross was knocked down. In the 10th, the embattled Mad Dog suffered a technical knockout. He later allowed that it was as bad a whipping as he'd ever taken, even counting Tuscaloosa. And the future isn't too bright. Ross is 31 years old, and while he denies he's over the hill, that's probably just where he is.

Ross remains a local hero, however, and every time he fights he ups the gate by \$3,000 to \$5,000. "When I get another star," says Ashlock, "every jerk in town will come out to get his autograph and pass on his opinion as to whether he thinks the fighter is good or lucky."

One of Ashlock's putative stars was Scott Clark, who got a title fight in Los Angeles in January against WBA welterweight champion Jose Pepino Cuevas. Clark was knocked out in the second round. At 20, he has more time to come back, if he wants to. "I'm not going to worry myself about losing a boxing match," he says. "Depression is a bad thing. Look, if I have some talent, it'll show up. And if I don't, it'll show up." Clark still considers himself a good fighter, which is one reason why he feels he can get away with wearing a gold velvet robe and trunks. Was it fighting so far from home that hurt him against Cuevas? "Oh, no. I've been booed in Orlando," he says. "But I have a great future. Why shouldn't I? I'm young and white and I can talk."

Ashlock says that what motivates him in the business are quality human beings like Clark. "He's a splendid young man who stands to make a lot of money," Ashlock says. "But all I can do is plant the potato crop, then pray for rain and sunshine—and that it don't get too cold."

continued



Loosening up in the man's room, Mad Dog Ross hoped to run his record to 51 straight wins, but, doggone it, he was checked and then defeated



WHATEVER YOU CALL
HOME
SWEET
HOME
ALLSTATE'S
GOT YOU COVERED.

Allstate has special policies to fit almost any home sweet home. Whether you own or rent, the Good Hands people have the kind of insurance that's right for you.

Talk to an Allstate Agent to see if your home qualifies. Find out how Allstate can give you the protection you need at a price you can afford.

Whether you live in a Victorian or Colonial, a ranch home or a mobile home; whether you own a sky-high condominium or rent a garden apartment, Allstate's got you covered.

You're in Good Hands with Allstate, and that's a promise from us.

Allstate
You're in good hands.

Available in most states.

Allstate Insurance Companies - Northbrook, IL



GENERAL MOTORS OPTION OF THE YEAR

THE GM CONTINUOUS PROTECTION PLAN

A great, new comprehensive Continuous Repair Plan.

An option that could save you money with added protection during and after the GM new vehicle limited warranty. For 36 months or 36,000 miles. From \$153 to \$295.



At General Motors, nothing is more important than the continuing satisfaction of our customers

• We know how proud you feel when you drive your new car home. And because we don't want that feeling to change, we're introducing the GM Continuous Protection Plan. It's a great, new comprehensive option for new cars, light duty trucks and vans not used commercially. It goes beyond GM's new vehicle limited warranty and gives you added mechanical and electrical protection for a total of 36 months or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first. It offers many extra benefits as well, including provisions for rental and towing allowances—oil designed to take care of you as well as your car or truck. (Availability in Nebraska to be determined.)

Saves on Major Repair Bills

• GM's Continuous Protection Plan takes care of your car or truck. It pays for repair or replacement of most parts of nine major assemblies including the engine, transmission, front and rear drive axles, steering, front suspension, brakes, electrical system and factory installed air conditioner. There's only a small deductible of \$25.00 per covered repair.

Convenient Service

• Should your vehicle require repair or replacement of any of the assemblies covered by the Plan, simply take it to the dealer from whom you purchased your car or truck, to another GM dealer in the U.S.A. or Canada—or to a service outlet of your choice.

Rental Expense Provision

• During the GM new vehicle limited warranty period, if your car or truck becomes inoperable and is kept in the dealer's service department overnight or longer for work covered in the Plan, there is an expense provision for a rental car up to \$15.00 a day to a maximum of \$75.00 per occurrence. After warranty, the same provisions apply wherever your car is serviced, provided the repairs are covered in the Plan.

For 36 Months or 36,000 Miles, the Cost is Low

• Depending on the make and model, the GM suggested retail price is from \$153 to \$295*

Your Personal ID Card and Toll-Free Number

• The ID card lists a toll-free number so you can report trouble from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., seven days a week whenever you are unable to contact a GM dealer. You'll get service instructions on what to do and the dealer service locations nearest you.

GM Pays the Bills

• When your vehicle is repaired by a GM dealer, simply pay the \$25.00 deductible and the balance of your bill will be sent to GM for payment. Repairs can also be performed at any other service outlet with prior approval of repair estimate by GM. Either way, GM pays the bills. The Plan also offers many additional features that could save you time and money.

We're convinced you'll find the Plan one of the smartest options you ever bought. See your GM dealer today for complete information on the Continuous Protection Plan.



*Additional charge for vehicles equipped with optional electronic fuel injection, diesel engines, mp computer and/or vehicles equipped with four-wheel drive. The GM Continuous Protection Plan is also available for 36 months OR 50,000 miles at an additional charge.

Takes care of you as well as your car

**Continuous
Protection
Plan**



As well as your light duty truck... As well as your van.

Ashlock gets a third of his boxers' purses (with Ross, they're split 50-50) when they start fighting main events.

Another of Ashlock's hopefuls was Termitte Watkins, the WBC's seventh-ranked lightweight, who fights out of Orlando and Houston. But Termitte went to New York, ran into one Teo Osuna, and the fight ended in a draw. Sitting glumly in Madison Square Garden, Ashlock grumped after the decision, "Heck, that other kid couldn't hit Termitte in the backside with a handful of rice." But, in truth, Osuna almost surely deserved a win. Upon reflection, Ashlock agreed.

The Orlando fighter considered to have the best chance of winning a title is lightweight Claude Noel, Mickey Davies, formerly Ashlock's matchmaker and now a matchmaker in Las Vegas, calls Noel a "good ring machine." Says Ashlock, "He can put you to sleep with either hand."

When Ashlock blew into Orlando after his professional cowboy days were done, with the intention of promoting a rodeo, the city gave him so much grief about using its auditorium that he went out and put up his own building for \$740,000. How did he plan to make money by having one rodeo a year in the place? "That wasn't the point," he says. "I like rodeo." His architects presented him with a plan that called for 468 tons of steel—"Which I couldn't afford," Ashlock says. So he redesigned the structure, used 168 tons of steel, and now people come around to study how it was done.

When the county wouldn't pave the dirt road that led to Ashlock's Orlando Sports Stadium, he bought the materials himself. The county grudgingly contributed the labor—then raised the property taxes. When the city's regular ticket outlets wouldn't do business with him, he utilized the Clock Tavern and the Point After Lounge. Because Orlando didn't have a suitable boxing gym, Ashlock built one himself at the back of the stadium, out by the swamp with the alligators.

As boxing gyms go, the gym itself is positively elegant. Obviously, the warm weather and sunshine seeping in help enormously. Polo, a onetime heavyweight, who envisions himself as a mixture of Napoleon and Caesar, runs a taut ship. Signs advise spectators not to go beyond the ropes, talk to the fighters, smoke, drink (beer or booze) or talk loudly. Boxers are told not to spit, do karate, lean on the ropes or put their hands and/or feet on the wall. Polo, who re-

minds listeners—even if nobody asks—"My record is 263-plus wins and only 19 losses," is a bug on neatness. He is also a bug on erasing the traditional image of a club fighter. "There is a difference between saying I have a club to develop fighters and I have club fighters," Polo says. "A club fighter sounds like a loser who fights in a basement once every five months. My fighters aren't that. They polish their shoes and make sure their robes aren't wrinkled. At least they can look good."

From the viewpoint of Angelo Dundee, Ashlock looks awfully good. "As a promoter, you've got to be able to suck it up," he says. "Pete does. If he doesn't have ulcers, he should have." Ashlock pays around \$125 for a four-round fighter, up to \$400 for an eight-rounder and between \$600 and \$5,000 for a main-event boxer. Plus expenses. And he knows that his interest in his fighters will sometimes go unrequited. James Salerno, a promising light heavyweight, recently left him. Harsh words are frequent in the fight game because, Ashlock explains, "Very few of these guys save their money. Then when they wake up and discover they've failed, they're looking for an excuse. Sometimes I'm it." However, Ashlock doesn't squirm when payoff time is at hand. Bruce Trampler, who used to work for Ashlock, says, "I've seen a lot of times when everyone went out of the stadium with money—except Pete."

Ashlock dropped out of school back in Texas... well, he thinks, along about the ninth grade. "I had to ride horseback 14 miles to get there," he says. "Do you have any idea how many side roads there are in 14 miles?"

When he quit rodeoing in 1951, he split for Orlando. "My financial success is purely accidental," he says. "All I did was recognize Florida as a frontier and drop a few bucks into it." He bought a bulldozer and cleared land. Watching others erect buildings on land he cleared, he decided he might as well put up buildings, too. He also did paving. In 1958 he got Government contracts for site preparation at military bases in Oklahoma and Texas. But the prime contractor went broke just before Ashlock was to be paid and left owing him \$600,000. Cigar clenched in teeth, Ashlock says coldly, "To collect from dear old Uncle Sam took me nine years, 11 months, 17 days."

Ashlock then got to thinking about cranes, having had to rent a number of them for his building projects. He decided to buy the cranes himself and do the renting. He got into the Cape Kennedy building boom, then Walt Disney World. "Whenever I heard of work," he says, "I'd spend anywhere from \$30,000 to \$180,000 on another crane." In August of 1973, his 27 cranes were making him \$66,000 a month; in September, business fell off and his cranes were making him \$6,000 a month. Says Ashlock, "Funny thing, but I never wanted more than a couple of cranes anyway."

Although the Government failed to convict Ashlock on any of the tax-evasion charges, he admits to being nervous because "they was flying in witnesses from all over the world against me." But he doesn't think they'll come after him again, because "I stand peaceful with them—if they stand peaceful with me."

But peace is rarely Ashlock's portion. Eight years ago the Orlando *Sentinel* ran a headline that said ONE DEAD, DOZENS HURT IN ROCK RIOT AT STADIUM. In fact, two young women were killed after their car was rammed by a sheriff's car en route to the stadium, about 3.2 miles away. Ashlock sued the Sentinel Star Company, which publishes both the *Sentinel* and the *Orlando Evening Star*, for \$10 million. The suit was dismissed and appeals denied.

Thus, because Ashlock is demonstrably a fighter, liking fighters makes sense. He promises that each of his top boxers will get a title fight before 1981. All he expects from them is effort. An example of effort, he says, is a friend of his "who can still run 15 miles, then whip your butt at the other end if he don't like what you're doing."

Most of all, while others scratch their heads and say can't and don't, Ashlock says yes and does. When his daughter was born while the Ashlocks were visiting in Dallas, he bought an airplane for \$38,000 and flew the family to Orlando. "I wanted to get home," Ashlock says. His wife, Mary, says, "There isn't another like him." In a restaurant, Pete asks for onion slices and twice is brought pitiful little slices. He promptly gets up, walks across the street, buys an onion, comes back, slices it in huge pieces and eats it.

"I've never met my equal," he says. "And if I die tomorrow, there's not a damn thing I missed."

ENR

One warm night in June of 1972, Ben Hatskin was walking back to his room in a Denver motel after having spent the day deep in meetings with Gary Davidson, Dennis Murphy and the other founding figures of the World Hockey Association. Suddenly, Hatskin heard two familiar voices shouting back and forth, and he grinned and shook his head. If Bobby Hull and his wife, Joanne, wanted to argue, Hatskin thought,

let them argue. But as Hatskin opened his door, he heard a remark he has never forgotten.

Joanne Hull was screaming at her husband: "Why would you ever want to live in Winnipeg and play for that fat Jew?"

If Hatskin's hide had been thinner, he might have checked out of the motel that night and caught the next flight back home to Winnipeg. But Hatskin, a tough-minded businessman who had made millions in the jukebox trade, stayed in Denver, and the next day he and Bobby Hull shook hands on a \$3 million deal that put the hockey world in turmoil—and kept it there until last Sunday night, when the WHA picked it in for good.

By signing Hull, who at the time was the No. 1 box-office attraction of the Chicago Black Hawks, the WHA robbed the haughty National Hockey League of one of its greatest properties and also served notice that the fledgling league wasn't just

continued

A NOWHERE RIDE

That could well be the epitaph for the late World Hockey Association, which for seven years was always one step from bankruptcy *by REYN DAVIS*



The WHA got off on the wrong skate when the Zamboni fell through the ice

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMLOS

Dad always enjoyed your letters.
He'll especially enjoy these on Father's Day.



Seagram's V.O.

The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky: A blend of Canada's finest whiskies, 6 years old, 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro
is in a low tar cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Light: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '79
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



The Chicago Cougars competed with the livestock to see who'd smell out the joint the most

someone's pipe dream. Indeed, once Hull signed a five-year contract to play for Habskin's Winnipeg Jets, hockey's check-book war broke out on all fronts. NHL players either signed new contracts with their old teams for megabucks or jumped to WHA teams for megabucks.

"Everybody got rich," says Habskin, "except the owners."

The WHA functioned for seven hilariously funny, terribly transient, admirably competitive and regrettably expensive years, and in one small way it will live again next season when New England, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Quebec—the four hearty survivors of the 32 teams that at one time or another belonged to the "other" league—join the NHL. But when Winnipeg—without Habskin, who has retired to Palm Springs, Calif., and without Hull, who retired to his Elm Creek, Manitoba farm last fall when his marriage broke up—beat Edmonton 7-3 Sunday in Game 6 and won the last Avco Cup, the WHA officially closed its books.

So let's pause for a moment of silence for the defunct franchises: the New York Raiders, the New York Golden Blades, the New Jersey Knights, the San Diego Mariners, the Houston Aeros, the Philadelphia Blazers, the Vancouver Blazers,

the Alberta Oilers, the Calgary Cowboys, the Minnesota Fighting Saints, the Chicago Cougars, the Denver Spurs, the Ottawa Civics, the Ottawa Nationals, the Toronto Toros, the Los Angeles Sharks, the Michigan Stags, the Baltimore Blades, the Cleveland Crusaders, the Minnesota New Fighting Saints, the Phoenix Roadrunners, the Cincinnati Stingers, the Birmingham Bulls, the Indianapolis Racers—plus the Calgary Broncos and the Miami Screaming Eagles, who never got on the ice, and San Francisco and Dayton, which were not around long enough even to get nicknames.

All told, the owners of those 32 teams lost an estimated \$50 million, while the 803 players who performed in the WHA earned some \$120 million, of which about \$12 million passed to the lawyers, accountants, fathers, wives and friends who negotiated their contracts. "But the guy who made the most money off the WHA had to be Alan Eagleson," says Dennis Murphy. "He was the president of the NHL's players' association, and he kept saying that we'd never get off the ground or that we were going to fold. He also represented a lot of players, though, and he kept signing his players to WHA contracts."

The one player who made the easiest money in the WHA was Derek Sanderson. Lured from the Boston Bruins by a \$2.7 million contract with the Philadelphia Blazers, Sanderson played just six games for Philly before he became persona non grata because of his frequent disappearances. The Blazers settled Sanderson's contract with an outright payment of \$1 million, and Derek Rolfs-Royced back to Boston.

The WHA was a league on the lam, hopping from city to city, wearing out welcomes and breaking hearts. One team had four names—New York Raiders, New York Golden Blades, New Jersey Knights and San Diego Mariners. Norm Ferguson was the captain and player representative of all four clubs. "I remember the day I signed with the Raiders," Ferguson says. "It was April Fools' Day of 1972."

Ferguson's team actually folded five times, but the players always stuck together until the league could find new backers. Now Ferguson is tempted to write a book about the WHA. Its title: *Midnight Paydays*.

Says Ferguson, "You know, through all the years and all the suspect paychecks, I missed only two. And I'm expecting to get them this month. I

continued

wouldn't trade the experiences for anything."

Only four teams survived the WHA's seven-year existence—the same four teams that will be playing in the NHL next season. One team, the Ottawa Civics, lasted only one game. Another club, the New York Golden Blades, lasted exactly one pay period, or 14 days. When the Golden Blades couldn't meet their second payroll in 1973, the franchise was placed in receivership by the league and whisked off to Cherry Hill, N.J., just a step ahead of the bailiff.

Andre Lacroix was the star of the Golden Blades, who acquired him from the Blazers after he had won the WHA's first scoring championship in 1972-73. While playing for Philadelphia, Lacroix skated out for a game one night at the Civic Center, only to discover that the Zamboni ice resurfacing machine had

Cherry Hill Arena, where the New Jersey Knights played the 29 home games of their brief existence. There were no showers in the visiting team's dressing room, so the opposition had to dress at the Holiday Inn two miles up the road.

"It was embarrassing to see Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe coming to the games with their uniforms on and their skates hanging around their necks," says Lacroix.

Most arenas have a long players' bench for each team, but in Cherry Hill the players' section consisted of three rows of five seats. The teams looked like choirs. There was little room for a coach in Cherry Hill, so one night Winnipeg Coach



Nick Mickoski sat in the first row of the stands. But every time he stood up to make a line change or give instructions to a player, the fans would complain so loudly that he would have to shout his orders sitting down.

The ice at Cherry Hill had a definite tilt to it, too, prompting Bobby Hull to say, "It's the only arena I've ever been in where the visiting team had to skate uphill for two periods of every game. There was also a huge dip in the ice." In fact, one night Ted Scharf of the Knights was waiting for a pass when the puck shot straight up and struck him between the eyes.

No arena was more beautiful than the Coliseum, a magnificent structure in the rural township of Richfield, Ohio, outside Cleveland. It was the new home of Nick Mileti's Cleveland Crusaders, who played at the old Cleveland Arena from 1972 until 1974.

"Five million people live within an hour's drive of the Coliseum," Mileti said when his building opened.

He was right, too. All five million lived an hour away—and not very many of them ever drove for an hour to see the Crusaders play. "What a beautiful building it was," says Skip Krake, who played for the Crusaders and now owns and operates a sporting goods store in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan. "But all those empty seats! Why, 3,500 fans looked like 13. It made you want to cry a little."

As it turned out, the Crusaders' best years were their two seasons at the old Arena on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. Grubby and worn, the Arena sat on the edge of a tough neighborhood, across the street from a Catholic church and snug beside a rough bar. Five Crusaders hid their cars stolen out of the parking lot at the Arena, Wayne Muloin and Tom Edur both losing new Thunderbirds on the same night. Steve Thomas, the Crusaders' trainer, who often had to work at the Arena late at night, was mugged three times one winter.

"Where's your watch?" one mugger growled at Thomas.

"They got that last week," the trainer said.

If the Arena had one distinguishing feature, it was the chicken wire wrapped above the boards at each end of the rink. Gary Jarrett could play the mesh better than anyone else in the league; he knew exactly where the soft rebounds would spill as pucks caromed off the chicken wire, and always parked himself accordingly near the net.

When the Crusaders left Cleveland for Richfield, they left the mesh behind because the new Coliseum had standard glass barriers. Suddenly, Jarrett couldn't catch up to the rebounds, and his point production plummeted from 79 to 41 to 33—whereupon he retired.

Another dandy arena was the Amphitheatre in Chicago, hard by the stockyards, which the Cougars shared with livestock shows. The referee and the linesmen had to walk through a stadium bar when making their way to the ice or their dressing room.

One morning at the Amphitheatre, the Cougars, then coached by Marcel Pronovost, were having a wake-up skate on the day of a game against the Houston Aeros, when the Chicago players noticed a strange figure on the ice. It wasn't the

continued

crunched through the flimsy sheet of ice and settled onto the cement floor. Game canceled.

"When I joined the Golden Blades," Lacroix says, "the league owed me \$20,000. For some reason the check was sent to the team instead of me, and before I could get it from them, the owners of the Golden Blades spent the money on a team song."

And how did Lacroix enjoy the song? "I never had a chance to hear it," he says. "We were gone before it came out."

For whatever it's worth, Lacroix is the WHA record holder for teams (6), homes (8), games (551), assists (547) and total points (798).

Of the 33 buildings used by WHA teams, perhaps the worst facility was the



British taste/American price:
The two sides of Burnett's
White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD • 80 & 85 PROOF

Show Dad you've inherited good taste.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF.

benish-looking Pronovost, they knew that. The coach often didn't feel well in the mornings and remained in his office while the Chicago players skated.

The Cougars traded quizzical glances as they skated past the stranger, who was carrying a hockey stick and wearing a ski cap, an old blue sweat suit, shin pads, elbow pads and gloves. A cigar was sticking out of his mouth.

Had Pronovost been fired?

Suddenly, the stranger barked orders. "O.K., skate faster, three times around the ice."

The Cougars began to speed up. Orders are orders, so around the ice they flew. Three times.

"O.K.," the stranger said, "line up at the blue lines and start taking shots at the goalies." The Cougars stopped skating and began to take shots.

Then it dawned on them. The "coach" was none other than Bill Dineen, the coach of the Houston Aeros. Dineen had gone onto the ice for practice with the wrong team.

Travel also was a curse in the WHA as vast distances separated many of the franchises. Visiting teams often had to play in Chicago one night and in Edmonton the next, and for years the best plane connection between the two cities called for a 1½-hour flight east from Chicago to Toronto, followed by a three-hour flight west and north from Toronto to Edmonton. Later, as smaller cities got franchises, connections became even more difficult. A good travel agent was as valuable as a 40-goal scorer. WHA players spent so much time wandering around Chicago's O'Hare Airport that they were on a first-name basis with the Hare Krishnas who like to greet you there with their hands out. The players' favorite spot at O'Hare was the confectionery in the Northwest Terminal, where they could buy a delicacy called a TWA banana split.

During the 1974 energy crisis, many flights were canceled when fuel supplies were cut back, so teams had to use low-budget charters. One night the Cougars chartered an ancient DC-3 to take them from Chicago to Quebec City. The plane droned on and on and on and seemed to be taking an unbelievably long time to get to its destination. Rod Zaine recalls glancing at his watch, noticing it was 5 a.m.,

and thinking. "We're still in the air?"

At last, the DC-3 landed and came to a stop. The players were reaching for their coats, when one of them noticed the sign on the airport terminal:

BIENVENUE A MONT-ROU, P.Q.

The pilot of the DC-3 had overshot Quebec City by 200 miles.

Europeans played a major role in the establishment and survival of the WHA. A dozen Swedes, 10 Finns and three Czechs brought their talents to the league and served it well. However, it is with



Almost all the WHA owners lost their pants

shame that the xenophobic paranoia of the Canadian-born players is recalled. On the ice, they slashed, kicked, hacked, fought and ridiculed the Europeans, while off the ice they tried to exert political pressure on the owners to force them to put quotas on the numbers of hockey-playing foreigners that could be brought into Canada.

Probably the finest team ever assembled in the WHA was the 1977-78 Winnipeg Jets, who were easy winners of the Avco Cup, the trophy put up by a finance company that paid \$500,000 for the privilege. Coached by Larry Hillman, a retired defenseman who got the job in lieu of filing a suit against the Jets for the final year of his player's contract, those Jets are the last professional team to have beaten the Soviet National team.

Winnipeg had four outstanding play-

ers—Hull, defenseman Lars-Erik Sjöberg and forwards Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg. They invariably played together on the same shift, and their hockey was beautiful to watch.

"It was a shame we couldn't take last year's Winnipeg team into the big buildings of the NHL," Hull says. "Not that we'd have beaten all those NHL teams, but because we would have showed them a form of entertainment that I thought was hockey at its best."

Hockey's champion of fair play, Hull once sat out a Winnipeg game to protest violence in the sport. He simply couldn't believe the abuse he saw being heaped upon his European teammates. Almost instantly, politicians, judges, clergymen and educators joined the protest by admonishing the leaders of the sport for permitting such brutality.

"I've seen players who were pussycats go crazy when they'd play Europeans," says Bill Friday, the WHA's senior referee. "Hull's protest helped because he woke up a lot of people."

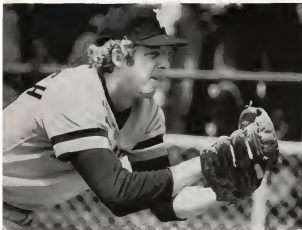
Following Hull's stand, the WHA began to schedule pregame meetings among the respective coaches, selected players and the officials so that the referees could explain the new measures being employed to curb violence. Such a meeting had just gotten under way one night in Quebec City when the two coaches, Bobby Kromm of Winnipeg and Marc Boileau of the Nordiques, suddenly began to exchange punches. They couldn't even discuss violence without reverting to it.

Aside from Hull's signing with Winnipeg, no single event had more of an impact on the WHA than the signing of the Howe family—Gordie, Marty, Mark and even wife-and-mother Colleen—with Houston in 1973. The Aeros paid the Howes some \$400,000 a year, but the Howes paid the league back, filling buildings all over the country—except, alas, in Houston—and led the Aeros to Avco Cup championships in 1974 and 1975.

Now the Howe family plays in New England, and next season, at the age of 51, Ol' Dad—indeed, Ol' Granddad—will be back in the NHL, a league he thought he had left for good following his final season with Detroit in 1970-71.

Says Colleen Howe, "The Howe family will be forever grateful to the WHA."

R.I.P.



Once, when his fame was fresh and Mark (The Bird) Fidrych was being smothered by it, he said in a mournful voice, "All I want is to stay the same Mark Fidrych who came into this game."

That was three years ago, in June, the month the gangling kid with the plumage of a peacock, the features of a sparrow and the gait of an ostrich arrived—no, exploded—on the scene. He appeared to talk to the ball before he pitched it. And how well he could pitch it!

Last Wednesday night Fidrych stood in the catcombs of Yankee Stadium. He had made his third start in yet another "comeback" for the Detroit Tigers. New York had shelled him, hitting three two-run home runs in 3½ innings, dropping the Bird's record to 0-2 and increasing his ERA to 8.53.

His face was etched with worry. His voice was grave. Now, at 25, there is concern, shared by Fidrych himself, whether he can regain even a semblance of the skills of his 19-9 rookie season, when he won the American League ERA title (2.34) and Rookie of the Year Award.

A subdued Mark Fidrych of the Tigers is trying another comeback. Though his arm is pain-free, he is not flying high

What's the word on the Bird?

"I feel fine. I threw with no pain," the Bird said in the dreary corridor. "That's the only thing encouraging to me. I got to get my game plan down. I've been wild. It could be in the stride. The thing I've got to do is find myself."

Then, almost as an afterthought, he said, "At least I can pick up a ball. I'd rather be pitching than sitting on the bench. Do you know what it's like to

have to open the door with your left hand all the time? At least I can open the door with my right hand now."

This is pretty somber stuff to those who remember the enchanting Fidrych; the Bird who chirped captivating remarks is a ram avis now. During spring training he even had a picture of St. Jude, the patron saint of lost causes, posted on his locker. "Thank God my arm feels better," he said a few days after hanging the picture, when he threw without pain for the first time in ages. "I've prayed a lot. I've become more religious. But that doesn't mean I've stopped cussing or anything like that."

Clearly two agonizing years of tendinitis in his shoulder have tempered his exuberance. The incessant questioning by reporters—How does it feel, Mark? Do you think you'll be able to pitch again?—has frayed his nerves. The nagging has often made him churlish, rude.

He is no longer the kid who pumped gas and tinkered with engines in Northboro, Mass., who flopped on his back in a disco and wiggled across the floor in a dance he invented and named the Fried Chicken, who sprayed his uniform with tobacco juices—"To prove to the guys that I chew."

"Sure, I've changed," Fidrych says. "Every year I have. Maybe I've calmed down. I've matured. And, yeah, sometimes I'm rude. Aren't you guys sometimes rude when you say bad things about me? Other guys on this team sweat to do their jobs, like Milt Wilcox when he beat the Yankees the other night, and nobody pays attention to them. You all come up to me. Why do you have to talk to somebody that hasn't done anything?"

"In '76 I couldn't go into the park without speaking to people. I always stopped and talked. Now I got to get my game plan. I'm not trying to be snobbish. I just need time for myself."

On the days he pitches, the Bird minds his manners. And sometimes he can again be amusing. "Fear?" he said at Yankee Stadium the night he was knocked out early. "I've taken it out of my head. If ability goes, it goes. If that's what happens, it happens. I can do something else.

continued

ADVERTISEMENT

THE INDY 500

THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL 16-PAGE
ADVERTISING SECTION CONTAINS
A WEALTH OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE
MOST FAMOUS RACING ENGINES,
AND THEIR PERFORMANCES
IN THE INDIANAPOLIS "500."





LEFT: 1911 Mermont Weep—Ray Harroun won the original Indianapolis 500 in this car and simultaneously triggered the Speedway's first controversy. The Mermont was the only single seater entered, which meant no room for a riding mechanic who would, among other tasks, warn the driver of traffic approaching from the rear. When other drivers complained, Harroun responded by inventing the rear-view mirror.

RIGHT: 1911 Mermont Weep Engine—Like all early Indy engines, the Mermont powerplant was a modified passenger car unit, a six-cylinder displacing 477 cubic inches. It can hardly be said to have set a pattern, however, because only one other six—a Sparks in 1946—has ever won the 500.



A cold breeze swept out of the Northwest Turn of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and ruffled the fashionable wraps of the 80,000 spectators packed into the grandstands. It was a decidedly chilly day for May but most of the fans were quite used to coping with the elements. Some of them had even arrived that morning on horseback. The year was 1911. The race was the very first Indianapolis 500.

Most likely, the chills felt by the spectators that day were of a different sort. Just the idea of the automobile was still something of a novelty. And racing these rickety, bellowing mechanical monstrosities was purely a pastime for daredevils. So the sight of 40 of them pursuing each other around a two-and-one-half-mile brick oval was surely enough to keep everybody's blood running cold with anticipation.

But on Lap 30 that day, the prospect of further thrills came to a premature end for Arthur Chevrolet. He stepped down from his mighty Buick Super 100, straightening his tie and brushing at the front of his duster with the backs of his fingers. And he did not look back at

the red-and-white Number 16 as it strode out of the pits.

In his disappointment, Arthur Chevrolet probably did not realize that his name was even then being entered at the top of a column of statistics that would be reviewed for years to come. He had just become the first man ever to drop out of the Indianapolis 500 with a blown engine.

Ignominious as this achievement was, history added yet another blow by failing even to record the precise problem, listing it merely as "engine failure."

Indy statisticians are more thorough now. But then, they should be, having had another 62 years (the race was not held during the two World Wars) of blown engines on which to practice.

Combining through these statistics is a fascinating archeological dig, revealing much about the nature of man and his machines. Some engines blew because they were ineptly assembled. Others disintegrated because they were poorly designed in the first place. But by far the majority came apart simply because too much was being asked of them. Even chromium and magnesium and

alloy steels have limits. But the racers always try to cheat the line, move back the barriers of physics. They'll do anything to win.

And winning at Indy has always had much to do with engines. Intentionally so. The race's organizers have always provided strategic openings in the rules, openings through which shrewd engineers and mechanics could pursue the goal of extra horsepower. As a result, the Indianapolis 500 has showcased more daring powerplant ideas over the years than any other sort of auto racing in the United States and maybe even in the world. Superchargers were common at Indy in the Twenties. Turbochargers, now being touted as the latest science for our passenger cars, have been standard operating procedure at Indy for a dozen years. Methanol, currently being advocated in some quarters as a home-grown fuel for road use, completely replaced gasoline at Indianapolis years ago. The search for a winning advantage seems to have explored every nook and cranny of engine design. There have been four-cylinders, sixes, eights (both Vee and straight), twelves and sixteens. Diesels have



LEFT: Chevrolet Stockblock—Although passenger car engines have been out of favor at the Speedway for years, an attempt is now being made to lure them back by offering a rather large displacement advantage: 355.136 cubic inches compared to the 161.703 cubic-inch limit for the turbocharged racing engine which now dominates. If such a stockblock were to make an appearance, it would look very much like the injected Chevy shown here in a sprint car.

RIGHT: 1912 National—The Speedway's second winner was also a modified passenger car powered by this 491 cubic inch four cylinder. This is the largest engine ever to win the 500.



7 non-shocking reasons to buy the Echo gas Trimmer.

(Instead of an electric)

1 Heavy-duty construction.

In the engine, the flex shaft, the head. And the engine body is metal, not plastic.

2 Balance. The engine's at

the top, so the weight's not all at the bottom. You have more control for cutting ease.

3 Power. From the powerful

14 c.v. Kioritz gas engine. Kioritz is the first name in two-cycle engines.

4 No cord. No outlet. No

straining at the end of an electric tether. So you get go-anywhere, cut-anywhere mobility.

5 Edging. The Echo Trimmer has

the versatility to trim and edge with the same ease and power. And a diaphragm carburetor to work at any angle.

6 Dependability. To start

when you want to work...

7 ...And work till you want to stop.

Now that you know the reasons, we'd be shocked if you bought anything but an Echo Trimmer.

A black and white photograph of an Echo gas trimmer. The trimmer has a red engine housing with the Echo logo, a white fuel tank, and a black shaft leading to a cutting head. The background is dark and textured.

ECHO

The dependable Echo Trimmer



LEFT: Monroe Engine—In 1920, the mechanically-gifted Louis Chevrolet was contracted by the Monroe Motor Company to build and enter four cars at the Speedway. Although they were essentially the same as the cars Chevrolet entered under his own Frontenac brand name, they were called Monroe Specials. Gaston Chevrolet drove one of them to victory.

RIGHT: Supercharged Duesenberg—Although this straight eight now resides in a sprint car, it is believed to be the engine that powered Peter DePaolo to his 1925 win. The supercharger is the orrular object in the foreground. Duesenberg was the first to win with a supercharged engine.



tried their luck on many occasions and a turbine nearly won a few years back. The Brickyard is nothing if not a land of technical adventure and misadventure.

Certainly blown engines have always been the most common misadventure. While Arthur Chevrolet's statistical first in 1911 went all but unnoticed by the spectators, Ralph DePalma's breakdown became the high point of the following year's race. He had driven his white Mercedes to a commanding lead early on. The race was so one-sided that, by the time he had built up a four-lap margin over second-place Joe Dawson in a National, the stands were practically empty. But with just five laps to go, the Mercedes engine began to sound strange. Next time around, even those who were not mechanically inclined could tell that DePalma's engine was hurting.

Dawson's crew gave their driver the "go" signal as DePalma's racer coughed and sputtered into the first turn. It died on the backstretch, but he got it running again by letting out the clutch as it coasted. Bellows of black smoke poured from the exhaust.

The car was mortally wounded; a broken connecting rod left it with only three operating cylinders. Finally, on the backstretch, it quit for good. DePalma and his Australian riding mechanic Rupert Jeffkins jumped out and began pushing. They had just crossed the line to complete 198 laps when Dawson thundered by at more than 80 miles per hour, now only three laps behind.

Before DePalma and Jeffkins could make another lap, Dawson took the checkered flag. They were credited with 198 laps, good enough for only 11th place.

The following year, Charlie Merz in a Stutz both thrilled and horrified spectators as he roared across the finish line in third place with his riding mechanic Harry Martin astride the hood, beating at flames from the engine with an oily rag.

At least he finished the race. It might have been some small consolation to Arthur Chevrolet in 1911 if he had known that, in the future of Indy, more glory and prize money would be snatched away by "engine failure" than any other single item of disruption. More than crashes. More than fatigue. Or tire failure.

Or anything.

In fact, eliminating failures has been the impetus behind most of the new engine designs that have appeared at Indy. Originally, the racers were all stripped-down passenger cars and they used passenger car engines. In fact, Dawson's National, which won in 1912, had been purchased only a few days before the race because his original racer had been wrecked. He simply went out to the nearest dealer and bought another one. But despite Dawson's success, passenger cars were not really the tip for racing.

There had been European brands—Benz, Fiat and Mercedes—even in the first running of the Indianapolis 500 and it was the Europeans who first caught on to the idea that a pure racing car would likely be faster and more durable than a warmed-over family hauler. Jules Goux brought a special competition Peugeot over from France in 1913 and cleaned house. It was a stunning car, powered by a double-overhead cam engine in which each cylinder had four valves, and it changed the thinking of Indy racers forever. From then on, passenger car engines would always be the underdogs.



LEFT: 220 Miller—A whole new crop of engines came into being following the 1930 change in rules which banned supercharging and increased allowable displacement to 366 cubic inches. The 220 cubic-inch Miller four cylinder became a Speedway standard in the Thirties although it won only once; 1934 with Bill Cummings driving. **RIGHT: 1932 Miller-Mantz Special**—A top contender for the title "Spirit of the 500," this car first appeared in 1928 and kept coming back until its final showing in 1946 when it was qualified by Tony Bettenhausen. Fred Frame won with it in 1932 after starting 27th. Only Ray Harroun, starting 38 in the first 500, had won from farther back.





Two things are very important to Mario Andretti:
His reflexes...and his Rolex.

Winning the Indy 500 is a matter of speed, determination and accuracy. Wearing a Rolex is a matter of taste. Mr. Andretti wears the Rolex Day-Date Oyster Perpetual Superlative Chronometer. Self-winding, with a case and crown handcrafted in 192 separate operations from a solid block of 18kt. yellow gold. The winning watch for champions of our time. Also available in 18kt. white gold and platinum. For brochure, write Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Bldg., 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.


ROLEX



LEFT: 1939 Simpson Special—This car was named for its sponsor, the Simpson Radio Company, although the power output from its 16-cylinder engine could have justified that title on its own. Highest finish was fourth in 1939 with Louis Meyer driving, the car's maiden voyage. **RIGHT: Simpson Special Engine**—This powerplant was, in effect, two Miller 91 straight eights mounted side-by-side with their crankshafts driving a common output shaft. A supercharger was added for the 1939 race, which just may have caused the rear axle to snap on the 19th lap.



There is some question as to who actually built the first American racing engine but most old-timers agree that a few of them appeared in Harry Stutz's cars in 1915. They were four cylinders with 296 cubic-inches, double-overhead cams and a revolutionary oiling system using two pumps. Called a "dry sump," this method of lubrication is now taken for granted on almost all of the world's racing engines. It was apparently a success right from the start because a pair of Stutz racers finished third and fourth.

Back in those days, Indy was wide open for mechanical innovation. There were practically no rules. For the first two years, a racer could use any engine he desired, as long as it did not exceed 600 cubic inches in displacement, which is about as restrictive as permitting nothing larger than 20 megaton nuclear devices for blasting tree stumps. So the limit was brought down to 450 cubic inches in 1913, 300 in 1915, 183 in 1920, 122 in 1923 and finally to 91.5 in 1926. This was the smallest displacement limit ever in force at Indy, about the same size as today's Volkswagen Rabbit engine, and it

lasted through 1929.

Still, reducing engine size had very little effect on speed because technology was advancing fast enough to make new small engines more powerful than old big ones. Qualifying speeds first reached 100 mph in 1919, even though engine size was limited to half that of the original 1911 race. The drop to 183 cubic inches the following year was a temporary setback but Ralph DePalma was back up to 100 mph in 1921. Then in 1923, when the limit was cut to 122 cubic inches, the engine tuners really showed their determination as Tommy Milton qualified at 108.17 mph.

The Americans regained control in the Twenties. From 1913 through 1919 the European marques—Peugeot, Delage, Mercedes and Ballot—had been the cars to beat and the Americans had never been able to do it. But when Gaston Chevrolet won in 1920 in a Frontenac, it signaled the start of an American domination that would not be shaken before 1939. Thus was all made possible by the genius of a few men, only some of whom would become world famous. Louis Chevrolet was the designer of the

Frontenac and with the aid of his brothers Arthur and Gaston, was the first to break the European hold on Indy.

A local Indianapolis firm owned by Fred and Augie Duesenberg also came into prominence at this time. The first superchargers appeared at the Speedway in 1924 and the Duesenbergs made the most of their potential, scoring a second Indy victory. Supercharged straight-eight Duesenbergs went on to win in 1925 and 1927 as well.

By this time the idea of using a modified passenger car to win the 500 would not have been taken seriously by anyone. The cars and engines were constructed purely for racing, using only the occasional piece from the standard parts bin and then only when there was no question as to its suitability. But even though the designers were no longer held back by the limitations of production cars, some of them turned out to be much better than others at racing cars. And Harry Miller was one of the very best.

Like most Indy geniuses, it's hard to know when Miller's efforts first



LEFT: 1963-64 Ford Fuel Injection Special—This is a classic roadster of the type that dominated the Speedway in the Fifties. It is a Kurtis-Kraft chassis powered by a 270 cubic-inch Offy and it brought Bill Vukobich victory in both 1953 and 1954. Roadsters were much lower than the previous dirt-track-type cars and had their engines offset to the left, which placed greater weight on the car's inside tire. **RIGHT: 252 Meyer-Drake**—By 1957 the traditional Offy had evolved to this point, fuel injection and a displacement limited to 256 cubic inches. Typically, the piston stroke was 4-3/8 inches, long enough to make this four-cylinder a vicious shaker.



IF YOU CAN NAME THE SUBJECT OF THESE MATHEW BRADY PHOTOS, YOU CAN NAME ONE OF THE LARGEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA.



Lincoln. It's a name you remember.

We're Lincoln National Life. We have nearly 4,000 agents who make us easy to remember — by preparing life, disability income, group, and retirement programs just right for you, your family, your business and your future.

That, plus 74 years of insurance experience, is just another of the reasons why we're among the top 1% of more than 1700 life insurance companies in America.

Lincoln National Life. For millions of Americans who buy life insurance, we're the name that's easy to remember.



WE'RE EASY TO REMEMBER.

"I know Ford built or powered cars have won most major performance events in the world. But the one they're proudest of is this specially modified

1979 FORD MUSTANG.

Chosen as the Official Pace Car of the 1979 Indianapolis '500'...



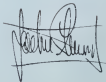
Gentlemen, start your engines."

On race day the Mustang Pace Car will be driven by Jackie Stewart. He holds the world's record for number of Grand Prix victories... 27. Twenty-five of these wins were chalked up in Ford-powered cars.

The official Mustang Pace Car has been mechanically modified to pace the Indy "500". For a limited time you can buy a replica of this impressive

car (excluding mechanical modifications) equipped with a long list of standard features, including Recaro® seats, flip-up open air roof, Michelin TRX tires, metric forged aluminum wheels and a choice of 5.0 litre V-8 or 2.3 litre Turbocharged engine.

See your Ford Dealer and test-drive an exciting replica of the Indy Mustang today



FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION





LEFT: Supercharged Miller 91—From 1920 through 1923, the displacement limit was down to 25.6 cubic inches, about the same as today's VW Rabbit. This straight eight was the most popular engine of the time, winning three of the four 500s in that period. RIGHT: 1928 Miller Special—Louis Meyer won his first of three victories in 1928 in this No. 14 powered by supercharged Miller 91. Looking back now, it seems prophetic that Meyer's Miller was fastest because he was, only a few years later, to team up with Dale Drake to build the Offy under the name Meyer-Drake. The Offy, of course, replaced the Miller as the standard of the Speedway.



appeared at the Speedway because he started out working for others, notably the Duesenbergs. But he was a clever man given to great flights of technical fancy, and after the first straight-eight bearing his name appeared in 1921, he was responsible for a string of highly innovative designs including four-cylinder and V-8 engines and complete cars having, as his moods dictated, either front-wheel drive, four-wheel drive or rear-engine layout. A lot of his ideas didn't work. But on the other hand, a rather high percentage of them did, and Miller-powered cars (sometimes with Miller chassis as well) won 12 times between 1922 and 1938.

Probably only one man has had a longer lasting influence than Harry Miller on the equipment that annually appears at the Speedway and his name is unfamiliar to all but the Grade A students of American racing. Leo Goossen first became known as a designer for Miller in the Twenties and he contributed much to the straight eight which was so successful then.

But Goossen's most famous contribution is the venerable Offy

engine. It came off his board in 1934 in two sizes, 255 and 91 cubic inches, both four cylinders. It wasn't really radical even then. Goossen had been in the engine-design business for maybe a dozen years by that time and he had collected a number of ideas, some of which were his own and some of which he borrowed from others. In fact, the Offy was so much of a continuation of the design themes he had developed under Harry Miller that it's hard to tell where the Miller engine stops and the Offy begins. But in any case, the Offy was a difficult engine to work on because the cylinder block and head were cast in one piece, making access to the combustion chamber an awkward process at best. Still, it quickly came to rival the water wheel as a reliable source of power, winning first in 1935 and never being really out of contention for more than a year or two at a stretch in all the years since then. Indeed, for several years in the Fifties, it was the only engine to even qualify.

Goossen was not the sort of guy who demanded to see his name in lights. Consequently his engine early on became known as the

Offenhauser, for Fred Offenhauser who owned the shop in which it was built. Technically, the name has changed several times since, once for each time the shop changed ownership—first to Meyer, then to Meyer-Drake and finally to Drake when Dale Drake bought out Louis Meyer in 1963. Nevertheless, most folks still call it the Offy.

The foreigners staged a brief comeback in 1939 and 1940 when Wilbur Shaw won in an unsupercharged eight-cylinder Maserati. By this time the Speedway had taken to handicapping the blower motors, allowing them only 183.06 cubic inches compared to 274.59 for those with normal aspiration. But Bud Winfield was happy to play against these odds, with the result that the wailing Novi came along in 1941. It was a V-8 with four cams, three carburetors and 500 horsepower at the flywheel, all accompanied by a most glorious noise. Everybody loved it. But most of the time, nobody could keep it together, although various individuals tried for the next 24 years. It had more intricate parts than probably any other two Indy engines of its time and only once bettered the fourth-



LEFT: 1931 Cummins Diesel—To encourage unconventional engines, the Speedway guaranteed a starting spot to any Diesel that could exceed the 90-mph minimum qualifying speed. This Cummins, driven by Dave Evans, qualified at 96.871 mph for the 17th grid position and went on to become the first entry ever to go the full 500 miles without a pit stop. It finished 13th. RIGHT: Cummins Diesel Engine—Introduced primarily as a publicity vehicle, a 361 cubic-inch, four-cylinder Cummins Diesel engine was fitted to a Duesenberg chassis. Cummins appeared at the Speedway for the last time in 1952 when Freddie Agabashian qualified a supercharged Diesel on the pole, but dropped out of the race after only 71 laps.



place finish of its introductory year. That was a third, with Duke Nalon driving, in 1948.

That the old clunker Offy always managed to beat the audacious new Novi came as little surprise to the sport's seasoned observers. It is axiomatic in auto racing that a painstakingly developed old idea always works better than a freshly-baked new one. And the more daring the new idea, the more likely it will cover itself in disgrace at first. For this reason, there is great incentive for racers to keep tinkering with proven designs.

Thus, Indianapolis became the last bastion of rumbling relics in the early Sixties. Long after low-profile, mid-engine cars came to dominate Grand Prix racing, Indianapolis was still being contested entirely by old, upright, front-engine roadsters. Yet so inflexible is the axiom that after Jack Brabham brought the first modern car to the Brickyard, a mid-engine Cooper Climax in 1961, it still took four more years for that configuration to win.

During the same years, the same axiom was propping up the

Offy, then close to 30 years old. Elsewhere in the world, four-cylinder engines could no longer compete; eights, twelves and even sixteens were the powerplants of choice. But Indianapolis was exclusively an Offy playground, the engines having won every race between 1948 and 1964.

In a way, that made Leo Goossen's antique an even plumper target, one that the Ford Motor Company was finally unable to resist. In 1963, it prepared a special 255 cubic inch racing version of its Fairlane V-R passenger car engine and arranged



**Come rain or come shine.
It starts brighter, stays brighter
than the leading premium wax.**

New Simoniz® Shines Like The Sun premium car wax gives your car a shine that starts brighter, stays brighter than the leading



premium wax. And we guarantee you'll like it. Or your money back. From Simoniz, come rain or come shine.

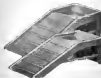


Simoniz® is a registered trade mark of Union Carbide Corporation, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



For Tune-Up

Hand-held analyzer reads dwell angle, idle tach, amps, volts, point resistance. 743 . . . **\$1.88**
Timing light with induction pick-up, sensor tube 817 **\$9.88**



Mark Fore Car Ramps

A lift for the home mechanic! Rugged 1-pc. steel construction holds 6500 lbs. per set. 11-inch high with wheel well. Pair. 875 **\$19.99**



CAMPBELL & HARGRAVE Consolaire

Air compressor has two cylinder pump for constant pressure. In-volume air 1-hp 12-gal tank 6.9 cfm @ **\$324.00**
40 psi, VT400



CAMPBELL & HARGRAVE Airless

Compact sprayer applies a gallon of paint in 3 min., indoors or out. 1 control for primer and pressure. With gun AL2000 **\$299.00**



Pace car care

There are over 5,000 True Value Hardware Stores in



Motor Oil

The heavy-duty formula perfect for all seasons and all climates. Now's the time to stock up at big savings! 4qt. 10W40, reg. 89¢, only **\$69¢**

GUMOUT Jet Spray

Cleanse carburetor on the engine. Dissolves gum, varnish and dirt build-up for quicker starts, more fuel economy. 13-ounce spray. MSRP . . . **\$1.59**

WD-40 Lubricant

Penetrates instantly to free frozen metal parts, stop rust and corrosion. Eliminates moisture to reduce short circuits. 9-oz. spray. WD-40 . . . **\$1.39**

GUNK Engine Brite®

Just spray on and rinse with water. Self-emulsifying degreaser removes grime. From the makers of Liquid Wrench. 13-oz. spray. 811 . . . **\$1.39**

STP Additives

Oil treatment reduces friction, oil use and engine wear. 15-oz. Gas Treatment. Keeps gasoline clean and free-flowing. 8-oz. . . . **\$79¢**



LubriMatic Grease Gun

Provides up to 10,000 lbs. working pressure to lubricate cars, trucks, machinery quickly and thoroughly. With 6" extension **\$5.99**



CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Replace worn plugs yourself. You'll save money, get better gas mileage and a smoother running engine. Regular, each . . . **79¢**
Resistor-type plugs, each **99¢**



DUPONT Premium Wax

Highest quality ingredients deliver a clear, hard free gloss and radiant color. Easy to apply and buff to a super shine. 16-oz. 710994 **\$6.99**



Johnson's Car-Plate wax

The rust-resistant auto wax. Cleans, shines and fights surface rust in one easy application. Unbeatable 12-oz. bottle 7781 **\$2.99**



BIG BOY Tire Pumps

All-purpose steel pump with 24" hose, thumblock. 5675..... 7.00
 150 psi pressure pump for air shocks, bike tires. Built-in gauge accurate to 150 psi. 5670 14.99



HOLLYWOOD ACCESSORIES Jacks

Heavy-duty 1½-ton jack has 50% reserve capacity. 621 0.00
 3-ton 621 14.99 5-ton 625 19.99
 Extra-stable 1½-ton service roller floor jack. 629 69.95



pathfinder Parts

3,000 lb. capacity jack stand extends 12" to 17". 723 3.40
 Universal low-mount truck mirror. Fully adjustable angle and height. White. V1000 0.88



Rubbermaid Cooler

Lightweight. Sidekick® holds twelve 12 oz. cans, efficient foam insulation keeps cold 6-8 hours. Lid locks into handle. 4000 6.88

setting values

50 states. Look under "Hardware" in the Yellow Pages.



Pat Summerall
 speaks for True Value Hardware Stores on radio and television.
 Listen for news of more outstanding values for your home and family from True Value Hardware Stores.



OTC Chain Wrench

A helping hand for pipe fitting, plumbing, many jobs. Grips and gives you leverage on any shape from 1/2" up to 3 1/4" O.D. 07970 14.88



EVANS Key Caddy

Clips to belt to keep lots of keys easily accessible. Large key ring on stainless steel, power return chain. Chevrolet die-cast case. 71 2.99

Refund offer in every package.



SIMONIZ Car Wax

Shines like the Sun goes on and buffs off in less than an hour. Clean, deep, bright shine lasts week after week. 16-oz. liquid 3.99 14-oz. paste 4.99

turtle wax Hard Shell

Turtle Extra, the extra-hard-shell car wax. Goes on extra-easy, extra-brilliant, gives extra-durable protection. 16-oz. liquid 71 3.79



DOR Body Shop

Complete 11 pc. kit to fix dents, holes, scratches, rusted areas on car, boat, any vehicle. With free body repair manual. 85411 8.99



Star White Silicones

Marine polish cleans, shines and protects fiberglass and aluminum boats. 16-oz. 6075 3.99
 Auto polish contains no waxes, oils or acids. 16-oz. 7015 2.99

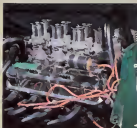


Vynalene Vinyl Protectant

All-weather protection that also beautifies vinyl, rubber, and leather inside and outside your car. Prevents rot, mildew. 8-oz. A4115 2.69



LEFT: 1963 Lotus Ford—By this time, mid-engine cars were standard operating procedure in Grand Prix racing but Indy regulars clung doggedly to the traditional roadster. They began to change their views, however, when the combination of Lotus chassis, Ford V-8 engine and driver Jimmy Clark finished second in 1963. **RIGHT: Pushrod Ford**—The first serious post-war challenge to the Offy were issued in 1963 when Ford came to the speedway with a highly-modified version of the Fairlane passenger-car engine. Ford's only previous Indy foray was in 1935. It ended in corporate dissension. This time, after finishing second, the designers went home to produce an even better engine for the following year.



Foyt) to be installed in a Lotus, one of the most sophisticated mid-engine cars of the time. And just to make the package complete, world-champion Jimmy Clark was signed to drive. As anticipated, the combination performed brilliantly, finishing a close second to Parnelli Jones and his Offy roadster.

Ford came back with an even better double-overhead cam V-8 the following year and this time Clark put it on the pole. In fact, the whole front row was made up of Ford-powered cars. But again a Ford came in second. This time to A. J. Foyt in his "dinosaur," as the Offy roadsters were now being called.

Still, progress can't be stiff-armed forever, not even at tradition-bound Indianapolis. The mid-engine V-8s stormed the battlements in 1965 with Clark winning in a Lotus-Ford and similar cars taking the next three places. Moreover, the qualifying speeds had taken such a jump, to 161.233 mph from 158.828 the previous year, that many people concluded the old Offy would never be competitive again.

But not everyone was willing to switch to Ford. Andy Granatelli, figuring he might just as well take a

long shot since none of the old familiar hardware was good enough anymore, plugged a Pratt-Whitney helicopter turbine into the STP Oil Treatment Special. And before anyone had time to take it seriously, it very nearly won the 1967 race, breaking down only three laps from the finish while holding a solid lead.

Orderly advancement was one thing but the USAC establishment had too much invested in piston engines to sit still for a turbine revolution. It quickly strangled Granatelli's engine, mandating a collar around its air intake to restrict flow. So hampered, it could never make sufficient power to be a threat.

Meanwhile, a gifted but obscure mechanic named Herb Porter was working on a more acceptable alternative to the Ford. He was experimenting with a turbocharger, a compact and wonderfully efficient supercharger driven by exhaust gas that had previously been confined to use almost exclusively on airplanes and Diesels. If it worked, it would be a great equalizer, like the six-gun in old Dodge City. And the intended recipient of this piece of

power-producing armament was nothing other than the old Offy.

Like most good racing ideas, the turbo Offy failed dismally in its 1966 debut, but it was a threat the following year and Bobby Unser drove it to victory in 1968, setting a record average speed of 152.882 mph for the entire 500 miles. Once again, Leo Goossen's engine was back on top. But of even more significance was the fact that, from then on, all other engines would need turbochargers to keep up.

Turbochargers have changed the nature of racing at Indianapolis. They are an incredibly potent form of supercharger. Traditionally, so that supercharged and unsupercharged engines could compete equally, the former was restricted to a smaller displacement; the limits now for racing engines are 161.703 cubic inches with and 274.595 cubic inches without. But with a turbo, the size of the engine takes a definite back seat to "boost," which is the racer's term for intake manifold pressure. It's measured in inches of mercury, the same units used by the TV weather man when he says the barometric pressure is 29.92, and it indicates in a roundabout way how



LEFT: Boeing 502—The first Indy turbine car made a demonstration lap in 1955 but never raced. Firestone and the Strategic Air Command cooperated in the installing of a Boeing 502 engine into a Kurtis-Kraft chassis. Curiously, the chassis with an Offy engine finished second in 1952 when entered by Granco. Granco was a speedshop owned by the Granatelli Brothers, who would later nearly win the 500 in a turbine car of their own. **RIGHT: 1979 Turbo Offy**—This 161 Offy, shown without the turbo, was photographed in George Bignotti's shop and is scheduled for use in this year's 500.





LEFT and RIGHT: Foyt V-8 Turbocharged—When Ford shifted its racing emphasis to production cars in the late Sixties, rights to the four-cam Indy engine were sold to A. J. Foyt, who made a few modifications and renamed it the Foyt V-8. The turbocharged version shown here displaces 159 cubic inches and is very similar to the engine which powered A. J. Foyt to his record-setting fourth Indy win in 1977.



much air is being forced into the engine. More air, and the extra fuel to go with it, means more horsepower. While a normally-aspirated 274 cubic inch Offy might be capable of 500 horsepower, a turbocharged 161 with 80 inches of boost will go about 770 horsepower. And turning up the boost will further increase the output, right up to the point at which the engine melts from the searing heat of its own combustion. At 140 inches, an Offy can generate 1100 horsepower—for as long as it lasts.

Still, an engine going into the 44th year at Indianapolis with that much muscle would seem to be in pretty good shape. And it probably would have no trouble taking care of itself if horsepower was all that counted. But after the Arab oil embargo, in 1974, USAC decided to make an economy gesture. Out went a decree that henceforth, all Indy cars would be required to get at least 1.8 miles per gallon of methanol fuel. That doesn't sound like much to ask but, of all the engines available for duty at the Speedway, the Offy seems least capable of delivering the required mileage and competitive speeds at the same time. Leo

Goossen, it would now seem, didn't quite think of everything. What the Offy gains in simplicity from having only four cylinders, it loses in efficiency. The same 80 inches of boost at which it delivers 770 horsepower, the Foyt V-8 (Foyt inherited the Dearborn design when Ford pulled out of racing) is capable of about 840 horsepower and the new Cosworth-Ford (another product of Grand Prix racing, as was the mid-engine chassis) generates about 900 horsepower. The Offy can match these higher outputs by turning up the boost but then fuel economy suffers.

Given this state of affairs, the Cosworth-Ford would definitely appear to be the latest in a series of engines whose time has come at the Speedway. It has survived the obligatory drubbing by the old guard when it failed to even qualify in its first two appearances in 1974 and 1975. By 1977 it looked like a sure winner but again Foyt used an antique—this time an adaptation of the very Ford he defeated back in 1964—to snatch away the victory. By 1978, however, the Cosworth

could no longer be denied, sweeping the top two places and thoroughly intimidating the rest of the field.

But despite its admirable vigor and frugality, the conquering hero is being given a mixed reception. The racers with a shop full of Offys want a concession under the rules to keep them alive. Others think it's about time to give passenger-car engines another chance. This year USAC has limited the boost to 50 inches for V-8 racing engines, 60 inches for Offys and 58 inches to stockblocks (which are also allowed an extra 47.6 cubic inches). CART disagrees with these numbers. Everybody hates the 1.8 mpg fuel economy clause. Confusion abounds.

So what will be the happy combination in this, the 63rd running of the Indianapolis 500? No one seems to know. But they all agree on one point. The race was a lot simpler back when mechanics were crawling around on hoods at 80 miles per hour.



LEFT: Ford Four-Cam V-8—After nearly winning with a pushrod V-8 in 1963, Ford came back the following year with a four-cam version. Although it was unsupercharged initially, it effectively precipitated the turbo revolution because it was so powerful that no other engine without a turbocharger could keep up. **RIGHT:** Cosworth-Ford—introduced into Grand Prix racing in 1967, the Cosworth won its first race and has led the league ever since. Now, after five years of development, it is also the dominant powerplant at the Speedway. This engine, shown without turbo, was being prepared for speedway use this year when it was photographed.



Winners pick a winner.



John Newcombe understands what it takes to win. On the court he made his mark as one of the greatest pros of all time. But when it comes to photography, he's a lot like you. He wants winning pictures but he doesn't want boring technicalities. That's

why he uses the Canon AE-1. Because it's one camera that can make anyone's pictures look like a pro took them.

No other camera combines the versatility

of single-lens reflex photography with the simplicity, affordability and performance in the AE-1.

That's because the AE-1's



revolutionary electronic technology makes creative photography economical and simple as focus and click.

John Newcombe likes winning. If you do, too, get the Canon AE-1. And see for yourself what it's like to be a winner.



THE OFFICIAL
35MM CAMERA OF
THE 1980 OLYMPIC
WINTER GAMES

Canon AE-1

So advanced, it's simple.

Canon U.S.A., Inc., 100 Lakeside Drive, Lake Success, New York 11042. Canon U.S.A., Inc., 100 Lakeside Drive, Eastford, Vermont 05725.
Canon U.S.A., Inc., 100 Lakeside Drive, Lake Success, New York 11042. Canon U.S.A., Inc., 100 Lakeside Drive, Eastford, Vermont 05725.
Canon U.S.A., Inc., 100 Lakeside Drive, Lake Success, New York 11042. Canon U.S.A., Inc., 100 Lakeside Drive, Eastford, Vermont 05725.

But I can't go back to pumping gas. There isn't any more gas to pump."

Since Fidyrych himself ran out of gas early in the 1977 season, he has made only 17 appearances in big league games, 11 in '77, three in the early days of '78 and his three so far this year. During that span he has returned to the minors, pitched in the Florida Instructional League and been the subject of unceasing conjecture, most of it pure fabrication. The Bird has been hit hard in his starts since the Tigers took him off the disabled list three weeks ago. On May 5, in his first appearance since April 17, 1978, he pitched four shaky innings against the Twins and got no decision. In subsequent starts against the Brewers and Yankees he got hit hard—and lost.

At times during Fidyrych's two years of therapy, of visits to doctors here, there and everywhere, of vain attempts to throw hard without pain, there have been tears. But last week, when the Yankees chased him, the Bird didn't cry. "I could've torn the locker room apart," he said, "but what good would that do? I'm keeping my composure, trying to keep my sanity. Keeping your head on straight makes your body move."

Baseball men these days use words such as location and velocity—they mean control and speed—when they try to dissect Fidyrych's performances. "He had good velocity," said Les Moss, the Detroit manager, after the Bird seemed to throw hard against Milwaukee.

"He's throwing about 60% of velocity," says John Grodzicki, the Tigers' craggy pitching coach, who has been Fidyrych's personal overseer since spring training started.

"He's got something the matter with his location," Moss said after the Yankees beat Fidyrych.

Even the opposition, which beats Fidyrych but roots for him, realizing his value to baseball, is prone to make optimistic appraisals.

"The kid's super, but he's human," said Reggie Jackson. "He threw well, but he had no breaking ball. Usually, his curve zips. Now it's lazy. But he'll be all right."

"You know he's not the old Fidyrych," said Ron Guidry, who made his first start, after a two-week stint in the bullpen and struck out 13 in beating the Bird and the Tigers 6-2. "I'm glad we won, but I'm sorry to see him pitch like that."

Fidyrych's main shortcoming has been

an inability to get his breaking pitches low. He hangs too many. He doesn't have good location, as they say.

"I'm not a high-ball pitcher," Fidyrych says. "I used to throw three pitches at the knees and one up. Now I'm throwing one at the knees and three up. I've got to stop throwing the high ball. I've got to get my game plan down."

The Tigers' game plan was to send Fidyrych to their Evansville farm club until his arm was stronger. But in order to ship him out when he came off the disabled list, Detroit had to pass the Bird through waivers. The Tigers figured it would be a routine courtesy matter. But the Bird didn't clear waivers. Another American League club claimed him, and the Tigers are sizzling at the team's lack of regard for their rehabilitation program for Fidyrych. Detroit regards the claim as a breach of accepted practice.

So it had to withdraw the waiver request, and the Tigers will work the Bird every five days in major league games. He will go five, six, seven innings—or as long as Moss believes he can.

Neither Moss nor anyone else knows if Fidyrych can be the same Fidyrych that drew wildly cheering throngs three years ago. But at least the Bird is trying, and he's pleased that he has disproved the prognosis of several doctors who predicted he would be unable to pitch in 1979.

"What they said gave me energy," says Fidyrych. "It may have been reverse psychology, something to make me work harder. Maybe I can prove them wrong. I know this, I'll keep going till I get my release. I won't quit till then."

"And I'll never lose my feeling for playing baseball. I don't want to do any other job." And, shades of the old Bird, he's not just gassing when he says that.

THE WEEK

(May 13-19)

by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST

The crowd of 33,694 that jammed Fenway Park for the first Boston-New York game since the Oct. 2, 1978 playoff anticipated another classic confrontation between Red Sox Pitcher Mike Torrez and Yankee playoff hero Bucky Dent. Torrez got Dent to bounce out in his first at bat, but that was the last good news of the day for Boston. The Yankees won 10-0 and had 17 hits, including Reggie Jack-

son's bone-louder double and a Dent single that sent Torrez to the showers. Jim Boutte, who early last season had pitched so badly in Fenway that he was dispatched to the minors, got the win—and his first big league shutout.

Otherwise it was a joyous week for both clubs. New York (4-2) got another win—11-3 over Detroit (3-3)—from Tommy John, at 8-0 the majors' most successful pitcher. For the week, the Yankees scored 43 runs as Grag Nettles hit three homers and had 15 RBIs.

The Red Sox took four of six, mostly by doing the unexpected. Rookie Chuck Rainey continued his surprising pitching, beating Oakland 8-2 on three hits. Dennis Eckerley defeated the Orioles 3-2 in 10 innings for his first win over Baltimore in three years. And there were bigger surprises. Normally considered an offensive team, the Red Sox beat Baltimore behind six outstanding defensive plays and had four double plays in a 4-3 win over New York. The DPs stoked up the already heated Sox-Yankee rivalry. Blasting Jackson and Thurman Munson for sliding beyond the baseline to try to knock him out of two of the double plays, Boston Shortstop Rick Burleson bleeped. "I hate every dirty bleeper who wears a bleeping punsripe uniform."

Cleveland (5-2) was uncharacteristically joyous. The pitching staff allowed only 17 runs in seven outings, as Rick Wains got two wins—1-0 over Toronto on two hits and, combined with Don Hood and Dan Spillner, 6-0 over Detroit on four—and Wayne Garland beat Minnesota 3-2 for his first win since April 25, 1978. As the Indians moved to within 1½ games of fifth place, oft-traded slugger Bobby Bonds said he would like to end his career with the team. "I've had more fun playing here than I've had in a long, long time," he said. Milwaukee (1-5) was more miserable than it's been in a long, long time. The Brewers dropped to fourth and lost Outfielder Larry Hise for at least two weeks with a torn muscle in his shoulder. If he needs surgery, he could be finished for the season. So, Brewer fans fear, would be any hope of a divisional title.

Despite a 3-2 week, there was cause for concern in Baltimore, too. Base-running errors contributed to a 6-2 defeat by Boston, and Pitcher Steve Stone, the loser in that game, allowed a first- or second-inning home run for the fourth time in a row. Toronto had a 2-6 week, which at least was consistent. It kept the Jays' season percentage at .250. At their current rate, they'll equal the pace of the 1962 Mets. Toronto might do even worse, now that Pitcher Jim Canfield has been lost for six to eight weeks after surgery on his right foot.

BAL 25-13 BOS 24-13 NY 21-17 MIL 21-18
DET 14-18 CLE 15-22 TOR 10-30

continued

AL WEST When surprising Minnesota (3-4) began its first tough stretch of competition with three losses to Texas, critics scoffed, "I told you so," and shifted their attention from the first-place Twins to the Rangers (4-3). Of special note was Texas' red-hot Relief Pitcher Jim Kern, who faced the minimum nine batters while shutting the door on the Twins in the 7-5 Rangers victory that opened the series. Kern, 5-0, picked up saves in the other two wins. But the Twins immediately righted themselves, beating Kansas City 7-6 in what has become their typical fashion. Jerry Koosman got the win, his seventh without a loss; Mike Marshall got the save, his 10th; and Shortstop Roy Smalley had a hand in the game-ending double play. Not that Smalley was aware it had been completed. "I caught the ball, stepped on second, threw to first and I don't remember another thing," said Smalley, who was knocked down on the play by George Brett. The Twins took another game from the Royals, 10-6 in 10 innings, behind the 4-for-6 hitting of Hosken Powell.

Even so, the Royals (4-3) were beginning to resemble contenders. The most promising sign was a return to form of Pitcher Rich Gale, who had kept them in the race early in 1978. Gale decided to stop worrying about walks, and he set down the Mariners 1-0 on five hits—and four bases on balls. In his first five starts, Gale had concentrated on not walking batters. He gave up only eight bases on balls in 27 innings, but was 0-2. Last year, when he walked 100 in 192 innings, he was 13-3 before injuring his shoulder in mid-August. Steve Busby, who won his first game since April 9, 1978, could smell victory coming. "There's a certain scent when you get close to winning," said Busby after beating Seattle 4-3. "You may go a long time without winning, but you never forget that scent." Al Hrabosky, by contrast, has been leaving a bad taste in Kansas City's mouth. In his last five appearances, he has given up eight earned runs and 12 hits in 35½ innings.

The fourth contender, California, won five of six, with Frank Tanabe beating Chicago 7-3 for his first win since April 20. Up the coast, Seattle (3-3) was still trying to get untracked. Only Willie (The Ancient Mariner) Horton, Seattle's 36-year-old designated hitter, seemed at peace with himself. "I don't worry about hitting streaks," said Horton, who as usual was streaking (.348) in the spring. "Winning is all that matters." Seemingly was all that mattered to Pitcher Byron McLaughlin, who said he thought Catcher Bob Simson had signaled curve when Simson actually wanted a fastball. McLaughlin's curve went for a passed ball and led to a loss.

Chicago (3-3) swept three from Oakland (1-5) as Ken Krayce won his third in a row. Ross Baumgarten ran his record to 4-0 and Jorge Orta broke out of a slump with a timely opposite-field double. Before his team

snapped an eight-game losing streak by beating Milwaukee 12-4, Oakland's run-starved Manager Jim Marshall had visions of transplantation. "I almost wished I was in Wrigley Field," he said, "watching people run across home plate."

MNN 24-12 CAL 24-15 TEX 21-16 KC 21-18
CHI 18-10 OAK 13-26 SEA 13-27

NL EAST As the Phillies (3-3) and Cubs (1-5) collapsed after their 23-22 slugfest (page 20), a Pirate bot gained renewed stature around the league. It was Willie Stargell's black beauty, which smote four homers and contributed mightily to Pittsburgh's best week (4-2) of the season. Stargell hit his first homer in a 4-3, 13-inning win over New York, added two more to help beat the Mets 6-5 and his first in John Candelaria's 9-5 defeat of Chicago. Stargell now has hit 60 homers against New York, more than any other player. Shell-shocked in Pittsburgh, the Mets (1-4) lumped home from a 3-11 road trip. After the club's chief operating officer, Lorinda de Roulet, met with Manager Joe Torre, she said the few New Yorkers who weren't concentrating on the Yankees and hockey's Rangers, "He didn't think it would be necessary for me to address the club. He said all the players are doing their darndest."

So were the Cardinals (4-0), who had something to show for it. They whipped Atlanta 7-3 on Pete Vuckovich's six-hitter and George Hendrick's three RBIs, beat the Expos 1-0 on John Denny's two-hitter, defeated Montreal again, 2-0, as Bob Forsch got his first win, and exploded for six runs in the 12th inning to beat New York 9-4. "If no-body's believing, they're crazy," said Third Baseman Ken Reitz of an early bout of pennant fever that has infected St. Louis. Unfortunately, the Cards' public relations were also crazy. Outraging 18,225 fans at Busch Memorial Stadium, the Cardinals suspended a 2-2 game in the 10th inning so the players could make a 4:55 p.m. flight to New York for the next day's game. "Obviously we made a mistake," said Executive Vice-President John Claiborne.

As St. Louis moved six games ahead of its 1978 pace, Montreal (2-3) extended its losing streak to five games before beating Philadelphia 5-3. One of the losses—a 1-0 defeat by St. Louis—was divisive as well. When the Cards' Mike Phillips came to bat with men on second and third and two outs in the ninth, Expo Manager Dick Williams gave Steve Rogers the option: pitch to him or walk him to get to a pinch hitter. Rogers pitched and yielded a game-ending single. "That move is the manager's, not the pitcher's," snapped team President John McHale.

PHI 24-12 MONT 21-13 ST. L 26-14
PIT 16-18 CHI 15-18 NY 11-23

NL WEST Call him Guidry West. The difference is that Bob Welch, who is a starter-turned-reliever for the Dodgers (2-4), is likely to remain in the bullpen. "I'm enjoying helping the team," said Welch, who helped extend a Los Angeles winning streak to eight games by beating the Braves 5-4. "Maybe if I stop helping, it won't be as much fun." When the Dodgers lost four straight games, during which Welch pitched only once, he was neither helpful nor, presumably, happy.

The Dodger-beaters were Atlanta (3-4) and Cincinnati (5-1), each of which took two from L.A. "I don't understand it," Dodger Pitcher Doug Rau said of the Braves. "They can't be this good or they wouldn't be in last place. As far as we're concerned, they're great." The Braves certainly agreed that Duke Murphy's hitting was great. He batted .462, with four homers and 12 RBIs. Meanwhile, the Reds quietly run their lead up to 3½ games. Overshadowing their fine play was a boorish gesture by the club's president, Dick Wagner; he refused to let *Cincy* writers honor

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ROY SMALLEY: The 26-year-old Twins shortstop batted .500 and ran his hitting streak to 18 consecutive games, longest in the American League this year. He also continued to lead the majors with a .413 batting average.

Pete Rose, who was elected the Reds' MVP last season, in a home-plate ceremony when he signed Riverfront Stadium on June 1. "I'm not interested in honoring a player from another club in our park," said Wagner. So much for Rose's 16 years in Cincinnati.

So what if Vida Blue's ERA was 4.99 and John Montefusco was on the disabled list; off- or Giant lights were shining. Phil Noto got his first major league win, beating the Astros 8-1 on five hits; Ed Halicki threw a 3-0, two-hit shutout at Houston; and Willie McCovey ended a 5-2 week with an 11th-inning homer that beat Atlanta 7-6.

Joe Nickro, who twice went the distance for wins, saved the week for Houston (2-4).

Despite Gene Richards' .440 hitting, San Diego (3-3) also needed some saving. In their past 10 games—six of them losses—the Padres have scored just 21 runs. But neither the team nor its fans were panicking. With attendance about 30,000 ahead of last year's club-record pace, the Padres obviously haven't been hit by the gas shortage—yet. And like every club in baseball, they were overjoyed by the return of the regular umpires. Presenting a lineup card to a veteran crew, Manager Roger Craig blurted out, "I feel like hugging you."

CIN 23-14 HOU 21-19 SF 21-19
LA 19-22 SD 16-24 ATL 13-24

LORD
CALVERT
CANADIAN

PORT

LORD
CALVERT
CANADIAN

Right to the end, its Canadian spirit stands out from the crowd. What makes it such a popular choice? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's what you've been searching for, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.

The unique spirit of Canada:
We bottled it.

Wolfschmidt Vodka.

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite," Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Time has changed since those days of the Czar. Yet, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court. Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka

An open-and-shut case

The day went winningly from the start. Over breakfast at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas last Sunday, Thomas Hearn bet \$15 on a keno card and won \$1,900. Later in the day, in a boxing ring upstairs, the 20-year-old Detroit welterweight defeated Harold Weston on a sixth-round TKO to earn \$26,000. The occasion also marked his first national television appearance, which should have made his day just about perfect.

But it wasn't. The victory was not as convincing as Hearn's, or boxing fans, might have liked. Weston had surrendered in his corner before the start of Round 7, complaining that he had been thumbed earlier in the fight and couldn't see. Hearn readily allowed that he had been working on Weston's left eye. "He couldn't see out of it," Hearn said. "I had closed it with my job. I was working on the eye from the start."

The problem was that Weston was talking about his right eye, not the badly puffed left one. Indeed, after Hearn had taken the first four rounds on all the cards, Weston had rallied to win the fifth and sixth, despite what he said was steadily failing vision. "He thumbed me in the right eye in the fourth," Weston said. "I started to go blind slowly."

In his corner, Weston told co-manager Howie Albert that he could no longer see his opponent. And Albert had held up one hand in front of Weston's face.

"How many?" he said.

"How many what?"

"Fingers."

"Howie," Weston said, "I can't even see your hand."

And that had done it. For Hearn, it was his 19th straight victory as a new pro and the 18th time an opponent had failed to last the distance. Not bad for a tall, stringy youngster who looks more like a basketball forward than a boxer.

Hearn is 6' 2" and growing. His size wouldn't be unusual, except that welterweights are usually built along far less lofty lines. He operates from his great

After six rounds in Las Vegas, Harold Weston's left eye was closing fast, and while promising newcomer Thomas Hearn won the fight, it wasn't all thumbs-up

height like an eagle, his eyes fierce and fixed, swooping down with sudden savagery. He is as thin and as quick as a lightning bolt.

Hearn came along without the drumroll of an Olympic gold medal. He's been a pro for just 18 months. No one wrapped him in a blanket of television protection, guaranteeing opponents who couldn't win a four-round preliminary in Schenectady. He slipped in among the 147-pounders without notice and hammered the first 17 of them until they fell at his feet, each a knockout victim. The 18th, one Alfonso Hayman, remained upright. He came with survival in mind and stayed

the 10 rounds, losing on a decision last April.

At last the world began to take notice of the quiet 20-year-old from Detroit. The WBA and the WBC both listed him as the No. 4 contender. The other contenders put him at the top of the list of people they'd rather not fight. The networks, for so long preoccupied with either the heavyweights or the heroes made in Montreal, scrambled to be the first to discover him.

"We're close, but we're not yet there," said Emanuel Steward, Hearn's 34-year-old trainer-manager. "We've beaten some good people, but they all have had

continued



Whaling away mostly from far away, Hearn piled up a considerable lead before slowing the pace.

TALL and BIG MEN

Sizes 12 to 16

TEN SUCKERS BEFORE \$29.95

Compare with a big difference — they cushion your step like shock absorbers. Handcruiser designed solid suede leather uppers are detailed with black Aztec design on quarters and toe cap. Stan-Mi using 5 eyelets, padded tongue.

Circle 11 on Reader Service Card

Check or money order to: **Save the Dolphins**, PO Box 36441, San Francisco, California 94116

Send check or money order to: **Save the Dolphins**, PO Box 36441, San Francisco, California 94116

Save the Dolphins is a federally registered, non-profit organization

HELP SAVE THE DOLPHINS



Dolphin pen's actual size 2 inches

Each year over 100,000 dolphins are needlessly killed during tuna fishing operations. Your purchase of these beautiful spinner dolphin pens and necklaces will aid in the research of an alternative method of fishing. Become involved.

Nickel plated:
Pins — \$5.50, Necklaces — \$6.50
Gold plated:
Pins — \$7.50, Necklaces — \$9.50

Send check or money order to: **Save the Dolphins**, PO Box 36441, San Francisco, California 94116

Save the Dolphins is a federally registered, non-profit organization

BOXING continued

names like Rojas or Barro or Munillo. Nobody in the U.S. knows those names. We need a win over a top contender, one with a name people will recognize."

Hearns tells Steward, a Golden Gloves champion of the '60s, just to give him the time and the place for the next fight. The opponent doesn't matter. He's been fighting half his life, and he hasn't yet met anyone he feared—or wasn't convinced he could whip.

Hearns began boxing in 1969 at the age of 10. A gifted athlete, he chose boxing over basketball. One of eight children raised by their mother, Lois, Hearns grew up on Detroit's hard East Side. "I wasn't a street fighter," he says. "I don't like trouble. But somebody was always challenging me or trying to get me to join a gang. After I became a boxer, they left me alone."

When Hearns was 14 he joined the Kronk Boxing Team, which Steward has coached since 1969. "He wasn't much," Steward says. "He lost three of his first four amateur fights. Really, he was one of our worst fighters. But he wanted to be a fighter. The other guys would mess around, skip training, but not Thomas. He was totally dedicated, and he always had a big heart."

Under Steward's skillful teaching, Hearns trained diligently and soon the awkward boy became a superior boxer. After losing those three fights, he won 154 of the next 159, and in 1977 won national championships in both the AAU and the Golden Gloves. Oddly, only 12 of his victories were by knockouts.

"As an amateur he was just a super boxer," Steward says. "He'd jab, jab, throw the right hand and dance out of trouble. He never could throw a left hook. Now I get calls from guys he fought in the amateurs. They all ask the same thing: 'What happened to this kid?'"

For one thing, the kid began to fill out, adding power to the jab. Now he is beginning to master the hook. And the right hand, once thrown to collect points, is more like a bludgeon these days.

Outside the ring Hearns is as dedicated as ever. He neither drinks nor smokes and each night spends a few moments in prayer before retiring. "He has a dozen fiancées," says his mother, "but he always comes home. He's a good boy."

Hearns had earned a little more than \$100,000 before he met Weston, but he permitted himself only one extravagance: he leases a canary-yellow-and-turquoise

continued

Walt Garrison, football and rodeo star.

How to enjoy tobacco without smoking.

Free. Just fill out the coupon below, send it in and we'll send you a can of mild Happy Days, one of America's favorite "smokeless tobaccos." My brand is Skoal. But, if you're just starting out, I'd suggest easygoing Happy Days. It's so easy to enjoy. Just a pinch of mint flavored Happy Days between your cheek and gum gives you real tobacco pleasure without lighting up. And each can is dated for freshness.



Yes, send me my free can of Happy Days. Fill out and send to: "Smokeless Tobacco", 100 W. Putnam Ave., Dept. S4 059, Greenwich, Conn. 06830



Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____

Smokeless tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.

© 1977 H. H. H. Tobacco Company. All rights reserved. Limited to one mailing per family.



GOOD NEWS FOR PEOPLE 7'2" AND UNDER.

If you've always thought a little car meant a lot of crowding, you've obviously never looked into a Volkswagen Rabbit.

There happens to be so much room in a Rabbit that all 7'2" of Wilt Chamberlain can fit comfortably into the driver's seat.

With space left over.

Because the Rabbit has even more headroom than a Rolls-Royce.

As well as more room for people and things than practically every other imported car in its class. Including every Datsun. Every Toyota. Every Honda, Mazda, and Renault.

Not to mention every small Ford and Chevy.

And, of course, what's all the more impressive about the room you get in

a Rabbit is that it comes surrounded by the Rabbit itself. The car that, according to Car and Driver Magazine, "...does more useful and rewarding things than any other small car in the world..."

So how can you go wrong?

With the Rabbit you not only get the comfort of driving the most copied car in America.

You also get the comfort of driving a very comfortable car.

Because if may look like a Rabbit on the outside.

But it's a Rabbit on the inside.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



*Arrow's all-cotton, easy-care Cotton-Ease.
It's more than a shirt, it's a movement.*



If you love cotton shirts but hate to iron them, join the movement. To Cotton-Ease,™ the all-cotton, easy-care shirts from Arrow.

Cotton-Ease gives you all the cool comfort you expect in a pure cotton shirt. But the fabric is SanforSet® to come out of the dryer looking so good you don't have to iron it.

It's cotton with a conscience, and a guarantee. Be-

cause if it isn't everything we say it is, just take it back to the store for a full refund.

Cotton-Ease is available in many of the dress and sportshirt styles you'd expect from America's Shirtmaker. (Including Lady Arrow. So it's a women's movement, too.) And they're priced no higher than many ordinary shirts. Join the movement to Cotton-Ease by Arrow. It's pointing the way back to cotton.



→Arrow←
from Cluett

America's Shirtmaker

Cadillac Fleetwood. Recently he bought a house in Detroit for his family. He has banked the rest of his money. "He's quiet and downright stingy," says Steward. "He saves it all."

As talkative as Hearns is silent, Steward spared no words in attempting to persuade the 27-year-old Weston to fight Hearns. A few concessions didn't hurt. For one, Steward agreed to both a 150-pound weight limit instead of the normal 147 pounds of the welterweight division and to the fighters weighing in the day before the fight. Both were to Weston's advantage; he has a problem making weight. Steward also agreed to take the lesser share of the purse. Weston's portion was \$50,000. Still, Steward came away happy. In Weston he had found the perfect opponent.

A high-ranking contender with a 26-8-5 record, two months ago Weston lost a 15-round decision to WBC welterweight champion Wilfredo Benitez, whom he had fought to a 10-round draw in 1977. Last year, after an impressive start against WBA champion Pipino Cuevas, Weston was forced to quit in his corner after the ninth round. At the time it was thought he had a broken jaw.

A fellow wondered if Hearns' extraordinary height was giving Weston any worrisome thoughts.

"Heck, everybody I fight eas off the top of my head," he retorted. "When I hit him in the body he won't be that tall for long."

In the body?

"Where else can I hit him?" asked the 5' 7" Weston.

As it turned out, Weston could, indeed, hit Hearns in the body—and occasionally upside the head—but not with great effect. For the most part, Hearns held him off with long, snapping jabs. And in Rounds 5 and 6, Hearns slowed on Steward's instruction. "He was feeling the heat and the altitude," the trainer said, affirming the obvious.

As for the condition of Weston's right eye, thumbed or not, it probably wouldn't have made much difference. The left one would have been closed in another round or so, anyway. The outcome of the fight wasn't in doubt. Steward was pleased. "Thomas Hearns no longer has anything to prove," he said. "From now on, it's a whole new ball game."

Perhaps it is. But the fans would have liked to see a few more convincing innings.

END

Scotch® Recording Tape... it sounds like money well spent.



Scotch Recording Tape. The truth comes out.

3M

A Good Save



binder

case

Sports Illustrated is more than a weekly magazine—it's one that you'll find yourself referring back to time and time again. And what better way to save and protect your copies than with Sports Illustrated Library Cases and Binders. They're custom-designed for the magazine. Rugged. Handsome. A perfect way to combat clutter and conserve space. Color: Navy blue with silver Sports Illustrated emblem. Prices:

Case: Each case holds 26 issues
\$4.95 each, three for \$14.00,
six for \$24.00

Binder: Each binder holds 13 issues
\$6.50 each, four for \$25.00

To order, just fill in and mail the coupon

To: Jesse Jones Box Corp.
P.O. Box 5120, Dept. SI
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

My check or money order for \$ _____
is enclosed. Please send me:

— Sports Illustrated Case(s) Prices
\$4.95 each, 3 for \$14.00, 6 for
\$24.00

— Sports Illustrated Binder(s) for issues
1970 to present. Prices: \$6.50 each
4 for \$25.00

— Sports Illustrated Binder(s) for issues
prior to 1970. Prices: \$6.50 each 4
for \$25.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow four weeks for delivery (U.S.A.
Orders Only)

Coming to an untimely end

Confusion reigned when a field of the finest American dash men neared the tape for the 100 at the Duke Invitational, but Steve Williams found the finish line first

A few hours before the start of last Saturday's Lite Invitational Track & Field Meet in Durham, N.C., Steve Williams was asked what strategy he employs when facing a 100-meter field loaded with talent. Later that day Williams would be squaring off against the best collection of American sprinters assembled this year. In addition to Williams, the 1977 World Cup winner in the 100, the meet had attracted Harvey Glance, Steve Riddick, Clincy Edwards and Houston McTear. These were five of America's top six sprinters in 1978.

"Regardless of the field," Williams said with a tone of finality, "you have to run your normal race." He appeared ready for the next question, but then, as if he had suddenly had a premonition of the bizarre circumstances that would decide the 100-meter dash that afternoon, he added, "There's one difference. At the tape you really have to extend into a total

lean. Against lesser fields your top competition is right next to you and you know where you stand. But with a field like this there are top runners everywhere, and you don't have total vision to the outside lanes. So you lean. And pray."

The No. 1 American absentee last Saturday was Texas A&M junior Curtis Dickey, third in the U.S. and seventh in the world last year. But since Dickey may also be missing from next year's Olympic Trials—a 205-pound halfback who gained 1,146 yards for the Aggies this past season, he has strong pro football aspirations—it's quite possible that the 100-meter field in Durham was a preview of that at the Trials.

Previewing the Olympic Trials, in fact, was the very purpose of the meet. Dur-

ham was a serious bidder for the Trials and had been sorely disappointed when it lost out to Eugene, Ore. by a single vote. Now some adroit politicking by Durham's biggest supporter, 1976 U.S. Olympic Coach Dr. Leroy Walker, has brought about the possibility of another vote. Thus, last weekend's meet was also a means of showcasing potential Olympic Trial facilities as well as fields. Meet promoters confidently predicted a crowd of 20,000 to 25,000, and as one local columnist put it, "It's time Durham either puts up or shuts up." Because of the weather, it pretty much had to shut up. With rain falling or threatening throughout the day, only 14,600 showed up at Wallace Wade Stadium on the Duke campus.

Actually, the stadium itself may be more of a drawback to Durham's cause than attendance figures. Charitably described as a relic, it is the site of the only Rose Bowl game ever played outside of Pasadena—which should be worth something. The game was moved to the 40,078-seat stadium in January of 1942 when Rose Bowl organizers reasoned

continued

Almost everyone was looking and leaning as Williams (Lane 3) edged Harvey Glance (5), Steve Riddick (2), John Christian (6), Houston McTear (4) and Clincy Edwards (7) at the actual finish line.



RACING BLOOD

CAM2[®] Race Proven 20W50. The oil born with blood lines of championship racing.

CAM2. Proven in over 100,000 miles of championship competition.

Proven by The Penske Team as Indy's first official 200 mph motor oil.

Proven by national funny car champion, Don 'The Snake' Prudhomme at 247 mph/6.03 seconds.

What makes CAM2 Race Proven so unique? Special magnesium-based additive chemistry to resist oil breakdown. To endure the high RPM's and extreme temperatures of performance engines.

If you drive a performance car of any kind, it deserves the protection of CAM2. The oil that earned the name 'Racing Blood.'

CAM2

RACE PROVEN MOTOR OIL

Speed





Caprice Classic Wagon

America's Bandwagon.

The New Chevrolet.

A popular success in its first two years. And now, in its third year, with a bandwagon following that makes it America's best-selling wagon by far.

Trim and beautifully in tune with the times outside, yet full-size inside, The New Chevrolet remains one of the newest wagons around. The wide spacious seats are designed for six adults. The rear seat folds down at the touch of a button, opening up 87 cubic feet of cargo space. The door-gate opens like a door for people, or like a gate for cargo. There's a large lockable storage

compartment under the rear cargo floor. There's a side lockable storage compartment. There's the convenience of built-in utility trays.

Yet, on the road, The New Chevrolet is pure enjoyment. Satisfyingly solid, with a sense of handling ease you'll appreciate when you maneuver and park in cramped quarters.

See your Chevy dealer about buying or leasing The New Chevrolet.

Get on America's Bandwagon.
You'll love it.



87 Cubic Feet. Takes loads up to 4 feet wide through the rear opening.



Three-Way Door-Gate. Opens like a door for people, like a gate for cargo.



Underfloor Storage. 5 cubic feet of lockable storage on 2-seat models (less on 3-seat models).



Extra Storage. 2 cubic feet of convenient lockable side-compartment storage, plus built-in utility trays.



Push-Button Seat Conversion. Release the second seat with a touch of a button as you glide it down.



The New Chevrolet.

America's best-selling wagon.

that 100,000 people gathered together in Pasadena might prove too tempting a target for the Japanese, who a month earlier had bombed Pearl Harbor. But the 50-year-old stadium is now in such decrepit condition that it looks as if some exceedingly hostile force had visited it in the distant past. What makes it a potential site for the Trials is a brand-new \$170,000 ProTurf track, so new that the curbs for it were not installed until the morning of last weekend's meet. That track promised to produce fast times, perhaps world-record times.

The track lived up to expectations. In the very first race ever run over it, the intermediate hurdles, Olympic champion Edwin Moses coasted to the finish line, yet missed his world record of 47.45 by only .24 of a second. His 47.69 was the fastest clocking of the year and the fourth fastest in history. Moses said later that if he had pushed himself he might have broken 47 seconds, but then shrugged off the thought by saying, "It's too early in the season for a record."

Following the 400 hurdles was the women's 5,000, in which Jan Merrill set an American record of 15:33.8, with Boston Marathon women's champion Joan Benoit second, 50 meters back. And immediately after the 5,000 was the 400, which Willie Smith won in 45.24, the fastest time in the world this year. Smith confirmed what had already been apparent. "It's a fast track," he said. "I expect that there'll be a lot of fast times here from now on." The track had been nicknamed "the Firecracker 400" because of its vivid red color and the stock-car race of the same name that is annually held on July 4th at Daytona International Speedway. Given the early performances, the 100-meter dash promised burning rubber.

The most scouted-up racer of all was McTear. On the eve of the meet he confidently predicted victory. McTear runs for the Muhammad Ali Track Club and he seems to be developing some of his benefactor's braggadocio. "I'm going to take this race," he said. "Right now I'm

the top contender for the U.S. in 1980. I'm the best sprinter I know it. The other sprinters know it. Now it's time to show the world."

McTear has always had the best start in his event, which has made him almost unbeatable indoors. In longer races, however, he often has been unable to shift into higher gear and is frequently overtaken. This season, under the coaching of Hilton Nicholason, he has developed a strong finish, which has given him new confidence. He says, "I've got third gear." Earlier this month he demonstrated his speed-shifting when he beat Silvio Leonard of Cuba, the No. 1 sprinter in the world in 1978, by overhauling him in the final strides of the 100 in the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational.

Leonard nipped McTear in a rematch in Jamaica the following week but only by leaning so far at the tape that he fell across the finish line. In doing so the Cuban laid a perfect body block on Williams, who went flying. In Durham, Williams still had huge abrasions on his right

continued

Sutliff Private Stock goes public.

Introducing three new blends of aromatic pipe tobacco.

Bourbon and Brights A carefully cut tobacco with a dash of spice that adds an extra aromatic dimension to its smooth taste.

Blacks and Brights A sweet smoldering casahuate blend of ultra dark and light tobaccos. A simply delicious aromatic experience.

Burley and Brights A mixture of the mellow and the savory. A celebration of the famous mild Continental aromatic blends.

The Story of Sutliff Private Stock

In 1849 in San Francisco, my grandfather Henry Sutliff opened his first tobacco shop. Grandfather's skill at selecting and blending the varied tobaccos carried by the great clipper ships was legendary among his discerning trade. But for himself and a few close friends, my grandfather reserved a selection of tobaccos whose rarity and expense precluded any general public distribution. There arose about this "Private Stock" an envious legend of unparalleled smoking pleasure. A legend you can now enjoy.

Gordon F. Sutliff



Taste a tradition.

from the 1st Family of Kentucky Whiskies

Take a step backwards to 1783 when Evan Williams founded Kentucky's 1st distillery. Evan's time-proven methods are still used at our family-owned distillery to produce these premium Bourbons which honor his name — the very special Evan Williams Black Label and the very rare 10 year old Evan Williams 1783.

Distilled and Bottled by Old Evan Williams Distillery, Nashville, Ky.



After five years Evan Williams' 1783 Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey is a tradition.

TRACK & FIELD continued

shoulder and right elbow. "Leonard didn't have to fall sideways the way he did," Williams said last week. "When I got up I was ready to fight. Detente was out the window."

Despite his pugnacious statement Williams is the most poetic of the sprinters. He loves to rhapsodize about his event. "I'm fascinated with speed," he said on the morning of last week's race. "I love fast music and I drive like a fool. It excites me to see things go by in a hurry. No athlete has a relationship with time the way we sprinters do. When I pull the rip cord in a race I see everything like it was in slow motion. My mental time from the 60-meter mark to the finish is like 30 seconds. That's the adrenaline flowing. That time factor is the same experience I felt in February of '77 when I rolled my car completely over. It seemed like that accident went on for hours. It's indelibly imprinted in my mind."

Williams realizes that his introspection is occasionally his undoing. "I need to get mindless in races," he says. "I tend to get caught up in the visuals, in the race's esthetics. The 100 is a non-factual race. The name of the game is simply this: when the gun goes off, you react. If someone's in front of you, you go get him."

By the time Williams arrived at the starting line he knew that a slow race was inevitable. While the crowd was intent upon the races on the track, Williams was watching the long jumpers, who approached the pit from the same direction the sprinters would be running, and saw that they were performing far below par. Larry Myricks' winning jump was only 25' 2". There was, in fact, a two-mph wind blowing into the sprinters' faces.

McTear got what was for him a poor start. Nicholson later criticized it as the worst part of his race. Still, he and Glance, running in Lanes 4 and 5, respectively, were at the head of a closely knit pack. They stayed there for most of the race, battling each other, oblivious of the rest of the field. At 70 meters, Riddick, in Lane 2, pulled even and began to make a move that would put him in the lead with less than 10 meters to go. But Riddick had a problem that he later discovered was bothering everyone. He couldn't see the tape. A freshly painted white wall surrounding the track, combined with the white light of a cloudy day, had made the white tape all but invisible.

Suddenly, Riddick saw Williams, who had been closing with a burst of speed in Lane 3, lean for the tape. Riddick assumed he must now be almost on top of it, too, and fearing that he had waited too long to lean, he bent forward hurriedly, breaking stride. McTear also noticed Williams' lean, and he, too, bent forward, only to discover that he was still five meters from the finish. He straightened up, breaking stride. Glance, who was only worried about McTear, capitalized on this momentary lapse to pull ahead of his rival, a move he thought assured him of victory.

The problem, of course, was that Williams, like Riddick, had been unable to see the tape. Instead he looked to the ground for the finish line and chose the wrong line, the starting mark for the mile about 10 meters from the finish. Williams was trailing and knew he would have to pass people at the tape, so when he leaned he kept driving with his legs. When he realized his mistake he simply kept driving, admittedly almost out of control. While everyone else was trying to regain his timing, Williams broke the tape in this ungainly fashion in 10.49.

His win was undisputed, but it took Accutrack photos to sort out the finish, as the top six were all within .11 of a second of one another. Glance was second in 10.51 and Riddick was third in 10.53. Even though Riddick later won the 200 in 20.85, edging Edwards and Williams in that order, he insisted that he was more pleased with his performance in the shorter race. Fourth went to a late entry, D.C. International's John Christian, in 10.55. The judges decided he had edged McTear by .01 of a second, although many who saw photos of the race felt that Christian had apparently finished behind both McTear and Edwards, who was given sixth in 10.60.

Edwards, a notoriously late starter who nevertheless was top-ranked in the U.S. in both the 100 and 200 last year, reduced the art of starting to a new low in Durham. He gnawed ground the whole way but was never able to get into the race until those confused final strides. "Clancy's still not awake," moaned his coach, Pete Peterson. "I'm going to have to buy him an alarm clock."

Afterward, Williams discussed his early finishing lean in detail. "I would guess that cost me two-tenths of a second," he said. That was small solace to the rest of the field. It cost them the race. **END**



You owe it to yourself to drive this car.
Introducing the all-new 1979 Mercury Marquis.
 Take the Ten Minute Test Drive and discover a new
 Marquis standard of driving comfort.

You owe it to yourself to spend ten minutes comparing the 1979 Marquis to last year's Marquis and comparing its EPA Interior Volume Index ratings to any full-size car.

Minute 1: Check the luggage capacity.

No American car has more. With the new mini spare, there's even more room than last year.

Minute 2: Settle into a more spacious interior.

More shoulder room and hip room than the biggest '79 Buick or Olds: there's nearly half a foot more hip room in front. The '79 Marquis is even roomier than last year.

Minute 3: Take corners flatter.

Marquis has a new rear suspension. A four-bar link design with axle centered coil springs, front mounted shock absorbers and larger bushings at all suspension points.

Minute 5: Take bumps and dips with more stability.

Lincoln-Mercury took years creating a tradition of Marquis riding comfort. Ten minutes on the road and

you'll discover how far we've come in 1979.

Minute 7: Handle with new maneuverability.

A reduced steering ratio makes steering more responsive, maneuvering in tight places easier.

Minute 9: View the road through expanded glass area.

More glass, a lower hood and new seating give you a commanding view of the road.

Minute 10: Operate more accessible controls.

Dials are positioned to be read easily. Horn, wipers, high beam switches are right on the steering column.

And all Marquis built after Nov., '78, have better mileage ratings than you might expect in a car this roomy and luxurious.

16 EPA	22 EPA
Est. MPG	Est. Hwy

Use this estimate for comparisons. Your mileage may vary, depending on your speed, weather and trip length. Your actual hwy mileage will probably be less. Calif. est. lower.

Take the Ten Minute Test Drive. You owe it to yourself.

A new Marquis standard of driving comfort.

MERCURY MARQUIS

LINCOLN-MERCUY DIVISION



Timex. Quartz.

The two best things
you can say about a watch.



When it comes to
accuracy, Quartz is
the most accurate
time standard a man
can put on his wrist.

When it comes to
dependability, Timex® is
a word you can depend on
for lasting durability;
traditional Timex value.

So, if you're looking for Quartz
accuracy, you have only to say
Timex. From \$34.95 to \$59.95
(Suggested Retail Price).



One of these men just bought a car that's specially ordered, newly painted, but belongs to someone else.

He got a "really great deal" from "somebody who knew somebody in the business." What the man on the left didn't know was that "the business" was car theft—a \$1.7 billion business—one of the most lucrative and costly crimes in the country today. Lucrative for thieves, costly for the rest of us.

Organized car theft rings have found that stealing automobiles is profitable in several ways. Some people arrange to have their cars stolen to collect on the insurance. Then the car is broken up into valuable parts for re-sale. Other people seek to buy used cars at a lower price than offered on the legitimate market, even though they may know something isn't right with the deal.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we want to stop this crime. And so should you, because your auto insurance premiums have to go up to pay for these theft claims.

In several states, concerned citizens are working with law enforcement and insurance personnel to check the spread of auto theft. We applaud and support these efforts and urge you to do the same. Working together, we believe we can make a difference and keep automobile insurance affordable.

Here's what we're doing:

- Supporting the National Automobile Theft Bureau, a non-profit organization created by insurance companies to help law enforcement agencies combat auto theft
- Investigating theft claims more thoroughly
- Encouraging manufacturers to install improved locking devices
- Utilizing a system that checks for incorrect or forged vehicle identification numbers
- Encouraging improvement of state automobile certificate of title laws
- Informing people what they can do to prevent auto theft

Here's what you can do:

- Check the title before you buy a used car
- Support anti-car theft campaigns sponsored by the National Automobile Theft Bureau and by other organizations
- Take your key and lock your doors. Don't invite trouble
- Install an anti-theft alarm. You may receive a premium discount
- Avoid the temptation to make that "really great deal"—you may lose the vehicle and your money

This message is presented by the American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

© 1973 American Insurance Association

**The Craig Corporation
Has Re-designed
The Car Stereo Based Upon
An Astounding
Scientific Fact:**

Cars Move.

When a car is moving, its receiver has to put up with problems that simply don't exist when it's standing still.

Annoying, interruptive problems like Fuzzzzz. Fading. Interference. Overlapping Stations. And, a rather disconcerting phenomenon called "Picket-Fencing" (the thing that causes you to hear a rapid-fire ffft-ffft-ffft-ffft as you drive between tall buildings).

The new standard in car stereos: Road-Rated Receivers.

Here is a line of car stereos specifically designed to combat the problems of receiving a signal in a moving car.

Of course, maximizing one spec at the expense of others does not make a good mobile receiver.

So, the Craig engineers have

carefully balanced Sensitivity, RF Intermodulation, Alternate Channel Rejection, IF Rejection and Capture Ratio to achieve the optimum blend of specifications for mobile performance.

In plain English, Craig Road-Rated Receivers have been designed to provide you with clean, clear, interference-free reception almost anywhere you drive.

The First Car Stereos with "Moving Specs."

If you've been looking to buy a car stereo, we invite you to take a good, long look at one of the Craig Road-Rated Receivers. And, while you're comparing specs with other car stereos, remember that demo rooms stand still.

And cars move.



CRAIG

Receivers for cars that move.



Elis Oksanen Fisher, about to be heaved into the water, happily holds the Eastern Sprints trophy

East is east, west is west

And the twain will meet, but not until Henley. At that point, Yale (or perhaps Harvard) and California will once again try to settle the U.S. crew championship

The college oarsman leads an odd existence. He labors to exhaustion, training for nine months in order to compete in maybe half a dozen races that hardly anyone sees. Nobody outside a tiny circle of enthusiasts knows his name. His rewards are deeply personal. His boat may win all its races, but he never really knows how good it is. There is no true national championship. His season is a muddle of ambiguities, of icy eastern Aprils or balmy western ones, of schools that never row each other, of shouts like the one from the California crew last weekend, "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!"

Cal's varsity heavyweight eight-oared shell had just beaten Washington at the Pac-10 championships, and a Cal oarsman explained the boat's exultant outburst: "We haven't rowed Yale yet, but

at San Diego in April we beat everyone else except Harvard—Washington, Syracuse, Northeastern, Penn, all of them. And last week Harvard got creamed by Yale."

"If you're No. 1, then what about Yale?" he was asked. "They're still undefeated."

"We'll beat them at Henley in July," he replied. "That'll decide it, the national championship."

So once more, as in 1977, the so-called national championship will likely be settled in England. But what of Harvard? On Mother's Day, the Crimson had finished second to Yale in the Eastern Sprints in Worcester, Mass. It was Harvard's first loss of the season. But on June 9 the two old rivals meet again in the 101st rowing of their great four-mile race

on the Thames River at New London, Conn. Yale has not won that one in 16 years, and the Elis still must survive a 2½ mile go with Navy next week. And who in New Haven can forget last year? Yale came into the Eastern Sprints undefeated, and won, but lost to Dartmouth the following week, and to Harvard in the four-miler in June.

So who's No. 1 at this point? Or, better still, who will be No. 1 on, say, June 9? For rowing people, the drama of the past couple of weeks has been marvelous to contemplate.

It began, to be purely arbitrary, on the dock at Harvard's Newell Boathouse the week preceding the Eastern Sprints. Pete Raymond, the editor of *The Oarsman* magazine, was saying, "I think everything is stacked in Yale's favor, except that they'll be rowing against people who are going to die before being beaten."

Harvard was still undefeated; two weeks earlier, in fact, it had set a Charles River course record, 5:44.8, in beating Princeton and MIT. Nevertheless, every coach entered in the Sprints had seeded Yale No. 1, except the Elis' Tony Johnson, who couldn't vote for his own crew and therefore named Harvard. Yale averaged 199 pounds a man to Harvard's 183, 6' 4" in height to Harvard's 6' 2". Also, in the Yale boat there was a little matter of redemption.

Last year's Yale freshman heavyweights were rowing their Harvard counterparts in a two-mile race, and were leading by more than three lengths with a quarter of a mile to go, when they hit a buoy and lost. A strong wind had caused the buoys to drift, but Yale's request for a rerow was denied, and there was some resentment over the customary presentation of the losers' racing shirts to the winners. Now three of those oarsmen were in Yale's varsity boat—Andy Messer and Matt Labine among them, weighing 215 pounds each—and they had wanted a whole year for this day. With enemies like those, you need

continued

America's favorite couple

Seven and Seven have been going together for over 40 years. For a perfect marriage, just pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass, fill with 7-Up and enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown

Where quality drinks begin.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., NYC. AMERICAN IMPORTER - A KING OF PRIDE.

'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Pete Giacoppo
Pete Giacoppo
New York City, New York



Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

friends. The third, Karl Zinsmeister, a mere 193-pounder, was saying, "I had thought last year's race would be the biggest competition of my life, but this one is bigger. I had a vision this week of what it would be like to have Harvard cross the finish line first. I saw it over and over again, and I swore to myself that I wouldn't let it happen."

Now, with the 2,000-meter race less than an hour away, the three sophomores sat quietly together, and one of them said, "Let's not forget about those shirts." They didn't.

At 1,500 meters Zinsmeister was screaming, "Aaaaaaah!" Yale was six seats in front at that point, having led from approximately 200 meters, though Harvard had gained a seat at 1,100 meters. But Yale Coxswain Andy Fisher shouted, "Hold 'em off!" and they did. It was the first time this year that a crew was anywhere near Yale at 1,000 meters, and Yale's victory margin was less than a boat length. But still, one Yale couldn't contain his glee. He pointed to the Harvard boat and called out, "Oh, you gods!" a mocking allusion to the line a euphoric Harvard man had used after his crew's victory in San Diego in April. But a Yale teammate snapped, "Shut up." The taunting oarsman later apologized to Harvard. "It was an ugly thing," he said, "the kind of thing that happens in the heat of a race. But I must admit that I hated Harvard going into this race. At the end, though, I realized what incredible oarsmen they are. They've just been winning too long to be humble."

Down the shore, the Harvard five-oar, Hap Porter, was saying, "I've been rowing nine years, and I've lost a few, but this is the first time I've been outraced. So I don't feel too badly. They beat us, but we rowed our best."

Charles Altcruse Jr., the four man, at 200 pounds the heaviest member of the Crimson crew, said, "They got us today, but we're a good crew and I know we'll push them every bit of that four miles. We've got a lot of work to do, though."

"Like what?"

"Oh, maybe we'll put on some weight," he said.

Last week at the Pac 10s, held in a man-made lagoon south of San Francisco, in a housing development called Redwood Shores, Cal might well have had a similar concern. The varsity eight's competition came down to Cal vs. Washing-

ton, as expected, and at 204 pounds per man, to 192 for Cal, the Huskies were even more intimidating physically than Yale. But this seems to be a rare year for Cal. It started with the second-place finish at Harvard at San Diego, where Washington, afflicted with bronchitis, failed to reach the finals. Then, early this month at Seattle, Cal accomplished the notable feat of beating the Huskies there for the first time since 1965. And along the way Cal seemed to have developed a flair for the colorful and outrageous to go with its winning ways.

At Seattle, the Bears loaded a tape deck aboard their shell and, when they had won, assailed an unappreciative home crowd with Cal fight songs, bared out through the coxswain's megaphone. And the coxswain happens to be a lady, Val McClain, a physiology major and also a licensed respiratory therapist, which would appear to be the right sort of sideline for one accustomed to sharing a boat with eight gasping males.

The mightiest mouth in the Cal boat belongs to Craig Amerkhanian, the two man, and as last Saturday's race approached he was saying, "If we're even with 20 strokes to go, I'd bet my life and everything I own that we'd win. I don't care who we're racing—East Germany, Russia, anyone."

Of the Huskies, he said, "We're ready to munch and lunch. The table is set for a doggie dinner."

The Washington response to such banter was a literal interpretation of the orders from their coaching staff: "We're Huskies. Be humble." And when a member of the Washington party was asked if the boat was healthy, he replied that they were. "But up here," he said, pointing to his head, "I'm not so sure. I know how losing at San Diego and Seattle has affected a few of them and I don't know if they really believe they can win."

The members of the Cal crew betrayed no self-doubts, and pulled out unheard-of stops. They brought jump ropes to the launching areas, and used them for warming up. Nobody could remember a crew doing that. They had a well-thought-out race plan, too, and they managed to blend it with a bit of high-spirited anarchy.

In their seats at the starting line, they suddenly joined hands and called out a Cal cheer: "One-two-three Bears!" To offset that, Washington had no tactic in

its arsenal of humility. Six-oar Paul Prioleau, Cal's answer to Yale's Zinsmeister, let out a "Wheeeeeeeoop!" as his boat survived a ragged start. He let go with another at 400 meters as Cal edged ahead. "That's security," Amerkhanian said later. "It tells me everything is under control." At 750 meters McClain announced, "We're going now. Leave 'em in the dust." For the next 20 strokes the Cal oarsmen rowed to their physical limits, stopping just before their coxswain's therapy was required. It was part of the race plan, what Cal terms its "burst," and it got Cal open water over Washington. Although the Huskies countered with their own power sequence, it did them little good. Cal went on to win by a length, though both crews broke the course record. Cal with a 5:53.62, Washington with a 5:56.56. Arms shot up from the Cal boat, each with a forefinger extended, and the chanting grew. Who, indeed, was No. 1?

A 10-piece brass band from Berkeley greeted the winners ashore. Brass was perfect for this crew, and the band played all the Cal fight songs. Bears Coach Steve Gladstone stood off to the side. He had spoken to his crew before the race, telling them, "I have a lot of faith in you. You're mature fighters." Now he said, "Let them enjoy it. It's their day, but I must admit I'm very moved."

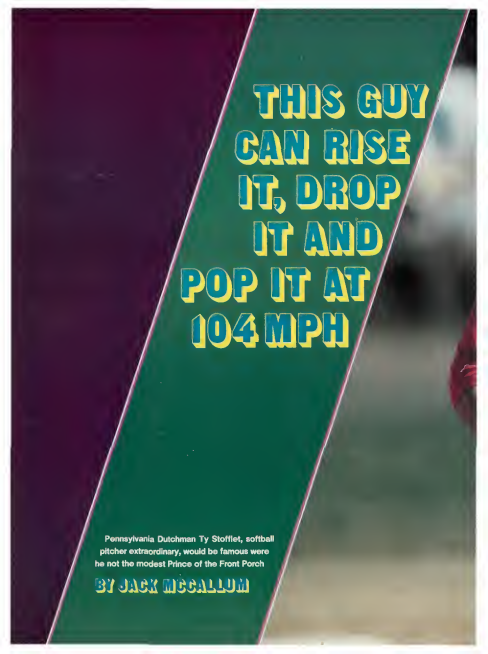
A bottle of California wine was passed around, some of it to be used as hair rinse, some for a toast. A Cal man held up a glass and said, "To Henley."

No Cal crew has gone to Henley since 1948, an Olympic year. The Cal eight was the U.S. entry, and it brought home a gold medal. This year it will cost Cal \$23,000 to make the trip, and \$16,000 has already been raised. The question arose as to whether the rest of the money would be forthcoming.

"After today?" replied a Cal man. "Are you kidding?"

Washington crew Coach Dick Erickson had said before the race, "We've got no more sickness in this boat. We've got one of our best crews ever now, and if Cal wins they deserve a lot of credit." Erickson appeared to be right on all counts, judging from the speed of both crews. Of course Amerkhanian didn't quite see it that way. "I just wish we'd been pushed a little more," he said. "I guess we'll have to wait for Yale."

Or perhaps for Harvard, he might have added.



THIS GUY CAN RISE IT, DROP IT AND POP IT AT 104 MPH

Pennsylvania Dutchman Ty Stofflet, softball pitcher extraordinary, would be famous were he not the modest Prince of the Front Porch

BY JACK MCCALLUM



CONTINUED

STOFFLET

continued

Balliettsville, Pa. (population estimated at 600) is blessed with two of the best, the Balliettsville Inn and Ty Stofflet. The inn claims to serve the finest medallions of veal braise this side of Switzerland and may be the best restaurant in its corner of the world. Tyrone Earl Stofflet, the lefthanded softball pitcher, is the best at his call-

always beaten—the best. They know him in those places.

Stofflet, 37, is at long last ready, albeit reluctantly, to accept the designation himself. For several years now he has been advertised as "The World's Greatest Lefthanded Softball Pitcher," as if on Judgment Day the righties and lefties will be herded into different corrals. But the job of any pitcher is to get people out, something Stofflet does better than anyone else, righthanded or lefthanded.

"Over the years I've never said too much about it," he said at the end of last season. "I've never said nothing, in fact. I figured I'd let my arm do the talking. But after this year, I feel different, know what I mean? If they can't understand this year and what I've done, they don't understand nothing."

So, are you the best, Ty?

"Well, I still won't come right out and say it."

Well, do you know anyone right now in organized softball who is better?

(*Hesitation.*) "No, not right now."

Have you ever pitched in a game when you thought the other pitcher was better than you?

(*Hesitation.*) "No."

Well, what keeps you from saying you're the best?

(*Hesitation. Silence. Nothing.*)

That's about as close as you're going to get. Stofflet prefers to let his pitching record do the talking. And here's what it says:

- Stofflet's team, Reading, Pa.'s Billard Barbell, which has been renamed York Barbell this season, has won the Amateur Softball Association's national fast-pitch championship three of the last four years. Since his career took off in 1969, Stofflet has appeared in six ASA national tournaments and has won or shared the MVP award five times. Before that, he pitched for the Allentown Patriots in six Pennsylvania state tournaments and was MVP every time.

- In the 1978 national tournament, Stofflet won all four of his starts. He struck out 62 batters in four games, almost 16 per seven-inning game.

- In the 1978 regular season, Stofflet had a 42-1 record and was 14-0 in the highly competitive Eastern Seaboard League.

- Last season he threw five no-batters



Ty has been hooked on pitching ever since he saw his father, Harold (right), hurl in a local league

ing in any corner of the world. And that's not one of those Pennsylvania Dutch tall tales out of the lush valleys of Lehigh County in the eastern part of the state, where Balliettsvillians have been planting corn and potatoes for the last 250 years. As a matter of fact, Ty Stofflet is perhaps least appreciated down home. Joseph Hartmann, owner of the Balliettsville Inn, has never even heard of Stofflet, who lives just half a mile down the road. (Likewise, Stofflet, a man of simple tastes, has never stopped in to sample Hartmann's medallions of veal braise or otherwise.)

No, Stofflet has earned the designation of world's best out on the proving grounds of fast-pitch softball—places like Leesport, Pa.; Aurora, Ill.; Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; Springfield, Mo.; Vancouver, British Columbia; and Auckland, New Zealand. There, Stofflet has met—and almost

and 26 shutouts. In 334 innings he gave up only 24 earned runs, for a 0.67 ERA, and struck out 641, about two men an inning. And that's without bearing down all the time, because the Barbellers are an excellent team that often gets a big lead for him. In comparison, the Barbellers' other pitcher, 6' 8" Larry Bergh, had a 27-10 record, a 2.33 ERA and struck out 267 batters in 244 innings in 1978. Bergh is probably one of the five or six top pitchers in the world.

Stofflet's team also competed in the National Sports Festival in Colorado Springs last summer. Amid the glamour of boxing and track and swimming, softball was somewhat lost, but one Associated Press writer said Stofflet was the outstanding athlete at the festival. He won all four of his starts there, pitching two two-hitters and two five-hitters. He gave up two earned runs in 28 innings and averaged 13 strikeouts a game. No one in the world had a season to match it; not Roy Burlison of Tulsa, Okla., not Graham Arnold of Seattle, Wash., not Bergh of the Barbellers, who are considered the best behind Stofflet. It was one of the three or four best seasons any softball pitcher has ever had, and Stofflet is supposed to be two or three years past his prime.

Befitting his reputation as "a tournament" pitcher, Stofflet's best performance came in his only appearance at the world tournament, in 1976 in New Zealand, where he pitched one of the most incredible games in the history of softball.

For 18½ inning against the host team and its best pitcher, Kevin Herlihy, he retired 56 men in a row. Don Larsen, remember, retired only 27 in his perfect World Series game. Stofflet struck out 33 of those batters. That number of strikeouts is a good half-season's work for some fast-pitch pitchers. Stofflet's perfect game was broken up when a New Zealand batter stuck his wrists over the plate and was hit by a strike. Stofflet then struck out the last man to bat in the 19th inning.

In the top of the 20th the Barbellers' Paul Troika, a pinch runner for a teammate who had walked, scored from third on a single by—Frank Merriwell, eat your heart out—Stofflet. And in the bottom of the 20th, he completed his no-hitter

by inducing three consecutive ground-ball outs. In all, he faced 61 batters, one over the minimum. Stofflet also won the three other games he pitched in the world championships, and he became the first player to be presented with both the Most Valuable Player and Most Valuable Pitcher trophies. (The tournament itself was brought to an inconclusive halt by

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ORANGE



At home near Balthazetta, Fla., Stofflet strums for his family when he's not busying' for the Barbellers

the arrival of the monsoon season, and the U.S., Canada and New Zealand were declared tri-champions.)

Stofflet's near-perfect game evoked memories of what was undeniably the finest tournament game ever pitched. In the 1949 world championships—a bit of a misnomer, because at that time Canada and Mexico were the only non-U.S. teams in the competition—Herb Dudley of Clearwater, Fla. struck out 55 batters in a 21-inning game, still the world tournament record for whiffs. After that, Dudley grabbed a couple of hours rest and fanned 12 more in a seven-inning victory. His performance in that tournament is just one reason that Dudley is widely considered the greatest pitcher in softball history.

At 59, Dudley is still active. He tirelessly promotes fast-pitch softball and

continued



The mark of distinction



PARKER

For your personal use or as a superb gift, select a Parker. Shown, the Parker 180 Imperial Floating Ball pen in 22K gold electroplate. \$30.

STOFFLET

continued

will spend hours with a stranger, imparting his encyclopedic knowledge of the game. Dudley has seen all the great pitchers—Johnny Spring, Clarence (Buck) Miller, Bill West, Harvey Sterkel, Clyde (Dizzy) Kirkendall, Al Linde, John Hunter and Harold (Shifty) Gears. To that list Dudley adds Ty Stofflet.

"I never make comparisons between pitchers of yesterday and pitchers of today," says Dudley, "because there's no way you can be accurate about it. Softball is not as strong today as it used to be, so I really can't judge whether Ty is better than Buck Miller or Bill West. But I know this: without question, he's the best in softball today. He's got all the pitches, and he may be the finest fielding pitcher who has ever played the game. And he's got dedication. Very, very few players have that. When the pressure is on, he's at his best, and that's something you can't teach somebody. It comes from inside."

Because of Dudley's stature in softball—Stofflet holds him in awe—Stofflet can never hope to attain the status of "best ever." He will have to settle for the distinction of being the greatest of his age, perhaps the last great one, because the sport is rapidly declining. However, the claim that is frequently made that Stofflet is the best southpaw is even more secure than Dudley's claim to being the best righthander, because almost all the other great ones were righties. A few oldtimers might choose Spring over Dudley; others might pick West. But there's no lefty, not even Hunter, a member of the Softball Hall of Fame, who can equal Stofflet.

By now a lot of you are saying there's one name missing from this discussion. All this business about Stofflet and Dudley and the oldtimers just doesn't cut it. It's like the television critics praising some guy from Masterpiece Theatre, when every housewife from here to Red Bank, N.J. knows that Fonzie is the best actor in the world. And to the masses, there is only one softball pitcher—Eddie Feigner, the crewcut, potbellied magician who barnstorms the country as the King of The King and His Court.

A brief comparison shows why Feigner is Fonzie and Stofflet the guy from Masterpiece Theatre. For one thing, almost everybody has seen, or at least read

continued

GREAT GOING, PONTIAC!



NO FULL-SIZE CAR SOLD IN AMERICA GETS BETTER ESTIMATED EPA GAS MILEAGE THAN THIS PONTIAC.

You simply can't buy a full-size car in this country that gets a better EPA estimated MPG than our '79 Pontiac Catalina. In EPA tests, Catalina chalked up impressive estimates.

Remember: Compare the circled estimated MPG with that of other cars. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. And your actual mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. Your mileage will also be lower in California.

What's more, the estimated MPG figure is 38% better than just a few years ago. (Percentage increase less in California.) That's comparing '76 and '79 Catalinas equipped

with standard engines.* Rather impressive.

Especially when you consider what Catalina offers. More headroom. More rear legroom. More passenger and luggage volume overall than its '76 counterpart. Now that's more Pontiac.

Handsome appointments. Like standard full-width seats. Simulated regal walnut on the instrument panel. New trim. New fabrics.

Many more available features. From Rally RTS to wire wheel covers to nine different sound systems.

Plus trim new styling that we think makes this the smartest looking Catalina ever and your smartest full-size buy of the year. Test-drive one soon.

*Catalinas are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your local Pontiac dealer for all the engine details.

**MORE
PONTIAC
TO THE P GALLON**



MADE IN CANADA

STOFFLET

continued



Stofflet can hit, too. In 1976 his 20th-*young* single won a crucial game in the world championships.

or heard about, Feigner. He made his reputation by traveling all across America. His act is equal parts bluster, theater and sport, but the fact remains that Feigner can make a softball talk. On the road, he is Marques Haynes and Meadowlark Lemon, and he's still out there today, at age 54.

Feigner once asked Stofflet to go on tour with him, to step in on those nights when the road was too long and the arm too weary, to be, in effect, the King's vassal. Stofflet said no thank you. It wouldn't have worked out anyway, because it would be almost impossible to find two more disparate individuals than Feigner and Stofflet.

If Feigner is the King of the Road, then Stofflet is the Prince of the Front Porch. While Stofflet stumbingly avoids the question of who's No. 1, Eddie Feigner says things like, "It is a good feeling to know that I am the only one of my kind in the history of the world." Feigner not only believes he is the greatest, but also that he's the only candidate in the running.

Feigner, who never knew his father, had a *Bells-of-St. Mary's* boyhood in Walla Walla, Wash. Stofflet built his house in Balliettsville right next door to

his father's, from whom he learned the art of softball pitching and the rudiments of ramrod-straight Pennsylvania Dutch living. Harold Stofflet and Herb Dudley occupy the only two pedestals Ty Stofflet has ever erected.

Feigner has explored the side roads of America, but as a star entertainer he has also been in the bright lights and counts Joe Namath, Andy Williams, Glen Campbell and Frank Sinatra among his friends. Tom Lassoer should be so lucky. Stofflet has always played his softball down the middle of the road. No peaks or valleys, like Feigner. From church league to International Softball Congress to ASA, Stofflet's game has always been sanctioned, always structured. No blindfolds. No bunnies in the hat. Feigner fashions himself as the messiah; Stofflet is the prophet of purism.

The two have met twice, and Stofflet came out on top both times. In Feigner's behalf it must be said that what he and his Court—the catcher and the two fielders who hack him up—play are exhibitions; entertainment, not victory, is their business. In fact, Feigner contends that his team would never lose if the players' contracts stipulated they had to win to get paid. On the other hand, Stofflet or

any of a number of outstanding fast-pitchers might do as well as Feigner with only three men behind them. Even against the best hitters, Stofflet strikes out about two of every three. If he could induce even a portion of the remaining one-third to hit to one of three fielders, he wouldn't get into too much trouble. And having only four batters to send up to the plate can be an advantage, especially if the hitters are as good as the ones in the King's Court.

Like most purists, Stofflet grudgingly gives Feigner his due only as a magician. "What impressed me the first time I saw him was the trick pitching," Stofflet says. "Nobody can do the stuff he can, blindfolded, between his legs. His regular pitches I had. But not the other stuff."

Of course, Stofflet is quick to note that he wouldn't want the other stuff. He says, as do many others, that Feigner's bag of tricks wouldn't necessarily make the King a world-class pitcher in organized softball, because some of his deliveries are illegal. Dudley says, "I saw Feigner pitch a long time ago in the national ISC tournament. My personal opinion is that in a regular situation he would be a very good pitcher, but not in the class of Ty and some of the others."

All this, of course, is disputed by Feigner, who says that his fastball was once clocked at 104 mph, the same as Stofflet's, and that his changeup is "the best there ever was," and that he has a windmill with quarter-speed outraise pitch that Ty Cobb incarnate wouldn't get a piece of. It's too late to determine now who is right, because Feigner is well beyond his prime and has pitched too infrequently against regulation competition for any clear judgment to be made.

When the subject of Feigner as an individual is brought up, Stofflet asks that the tape recorder be shut off. To make a short story shorter, the two men's relationship is less than amicable, because Stofflet feels Feigner snubbed him by refusing to shake hands after the games in which they pitched against each other. But one thing is certain: upon his retirement from organized ball, there will be no Ty Stofflet Traveling Road Show.

"I just can't see living out of a suitcase," says Stofflet. "Maybe if Feigner would've asked me earlier, I would've gone, but I was married, with respon-

continued



**You can't buy
my car.
But you can buy
my jacket.**

It's the Bud race team jacket with the official Bud race team emblem. The jacket is made of durable water-repellent poplin with a polyester fiber fill. It features a hidden storm cuff and a nylon neck insert. And it's yours for \$69.

Also available is the Bud race team jacket made of nylon with the Bud-race team emblem, for \$20.

Johnny Rutherford

Follow Johnny Rutherford during the Indy 500 sponsored by Budweiser. Check your local listings for the Indy 500 Radio Network.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Size	Qty	
☐	☐	Poplin race team jacket (\$69)
☐	☐	Nylon race team jacket (\$20)

Jackets Small, Medium, Large, X Large

Send to: Anheuser-Busch Gifts,
P.O. Box 24297, Houston, Texas 77029

Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer expires December 31, 1979.
Texas residents please add applicable sales tax. Void where prohibited.

sibilities, when he did. I got married when I was 22, and I was never the kind of guy to be running here and there."

Stofflet's refusal to tour also means he won't have made a cent from his softball talents when he hangs up his glove. His is the tale of an athlete who chose to excel in a minor sport; he comes away with nothing but a reputation—and the reputation doesn't extend much beyond his sport's insiders. The King and His Court, on the other hand, have grossed as much as \$500,000 a year, providing a pretty good living for Feigner and the other members of the Court, who work about six tough months a year.

Of course, most people don't believe Stofflet isn't paid; he could stand on the mound on a stack of Gideons and proclaim it, but he wouldn't be believed. By now, it's old stuff to him.

"I wish you wouldn't even put it in there," says Stofflet, "because everybody will just think you're making it up, know what I mean? I'm tired of the subject. There's no money to be made in softball, and that's all there is to it."

"Now the thing is that you get offered jobs. Last night alone I had two calls. I've probably had, oh, 50 offers over the years. Office work, know what I mean? You wouldn't do nothing, of course, just sit around all day. Sure, a lot of ball-players have moved around to take a better job with a certain company. There's nothing illegal about it. But it's not for me. Sure, they're going to give you more money. But how many more years before your arm gives out and they don't want you then, know what I mean? Nope, I've got security, a wife and three kids. I ain't going nowhere now."

A home. Wife. Children. Security. They were the lessons of Stofflet's youth. They are the lessons the Pennsylvania Dutch have been teaching since they emigrated to the Lehigh Valley from the German Palatinate in the early 18th century to escape high taxes and religious persecution. They were known more logically then as the Pennsylvania Germans, but three splinter groups evolved because of religious differences. The stricter Amish and Mennonites moved 100 miles west to the vicinity of Lancaster, while the Pennsylvania Dutch, whose language evolved

into a distinctive mishmash of English and German, remained in settlements throughout the Lehigh Valley. The Amish and Mennonite societies remain closed and almost totally agrarian; the children are educated at home. But the strict old customs are dying because the most recent Amish and Mennonite generations have balked at staying down on the farm. In fact, some older Amish people have begun emigrating to smaller farms in Canada and Ohio, because they can no longer get their children to work the more sizable ones they had in Pennsylvania.

The tradition of which Stofflet is a part is not going through the same cultural shock. Long ago, the Pennsylvania Dutch more or less melded into the mainstream. You can't ride through Balliettsville and "see" the Pennsylvania Dutch, as you can still ride through Lancaster and "see" the Amish and Mennonites trudging along beside their horse-drawn black carriages. The Pennsylvania Dutch were less austere, more open; surely no Amish mother would've named her son after Tyrone Power as Melba Stofflet did.

But there is still an undeniable Pennsylvania Dutch sensibility. They are, first of all, frugal people. And they are reticent with strangers. This is not to say withdrawn, because Stofflet treasures the Most Popular Player award he received at the 1966 state tournament. He is always approachable at the ball park. But when you enter his home, he and his wife, Kathryn, don't roll out the red carpet. You feel like an intruder until, ever so slowly, the conversation opens up. And he doesn't appear to care at all about publicity; a reporter at the door is of no more consequence than the paper boy.

The old "mishmash" speech pattern is still discernible in Stofflet's talk, but it's less evident in that of his children. The Pennsylvania Dutch employ many figures of speech that seem redundant in English, and Stofflet's use of "know what I mean" is so compulsive that it seems as much a part of his sentence structure as the subject and the verb. Another characteristic of Pennsylvania Dutch speech is the absence of the sound "ow." Stofflet forever talks of his strikeouts.

At least through Stofflet's generation, the Pennsylvania Dutch have centered their life around the home and church.

The fact that Stofflet built his house next door to his father's is the modern counterpart of an old Pennsylvania German custom; in Lancaster, you know how many married sons an Amish man has by the number of additions built on his house. In this kind of hearthstone society, it was natural that young Ty followed his father into softball pitching.

"I can remember sitting there, when I was maybe 10 or 11, and what I noticed was how the team depended on my father," he says. "It stuck with me. I said then that I wanted to be like him, know what I mean?"

He wasn't at first. "The first game I pitched I walked like 17 guys. I really had bad control, but I was gifted in other ways. I had the movements down right away, natural. It takes most pitchers a lot of time just to learn them, but I had it. And I was fast right from the start. I could blow it by people."

Stofflet worked hard, and when he got his control down, he began pitching for the Allentown Patriots. He was 19. The Patriots won six consecutive state championships with Stofflet on the mound and qualified for the ISC nationals every one of those years. "The best I could do was bring them in second," says Stofflet, who has no false modesty about his value to a team.

By 1968 he felt he had outgrown the Patriots and went to play for Sal's Lunch in Philadelphia, a move that did little for Stofflet's hometown popularity. That jump nine years ago is the reason many locals refuse to acknowledge Stofflet's greatness. When he comes to pitch in tournaments and exhibitions in Allentown, there is contemptuous silence.

"They don't say nothing to me directly," says Stofflet, "but I know how they feel. They can't see me out there as good as I am, know what I mean? But what they don't know is what it took for me to get there, how much work, how much traveling, I just go there, pitch my game and go home. I don't stand around for a pat on the back, and maybe that hurts them more."

Stofflet is even thick-skinned enough to continue to pitch once a week in the Allentown City Softball League, which is like Richard Dreyfuss showing up to take the lead in the junior class play. Bergh and some of the other members

continued

FORD:

The official trucks at Indy!

It's a Ford year at Indy. Tough Ford Trucks have been named official trucks for the world famous Indianapolis 500 race. And Ford is now building a limited number of commemorative Indy pickups for sale at Ford Dealers across America.

See them today at your Ford Dealer and find out for yourself why these tough trucks were chosen as the official trucks of the Indy 500.

It's a Ford year across America. For the second straight year, Ford set an all-time record—

The best-selling pickups in history.*



America's best-selling pickups

*Based on R. L. Polk & Co. registrations

FORD

FORD DIVISION





**Bacardi light
tastes good mixed**

**because it
tastes good unmixed.**

The next time you're ready to mix your favorite Bacardi rum drink, discover this new one. Just splash Bacardi light rum over ice. Swirl it a bit. Then sip it before you mix it. That way, you'll taste Bacardi light as it really is. Very, very smooth. Very, very light tasting. And it may surprise you to discover that it's dry, not sweet. The new drink? Bacardi and ice. Cheers!

BACARDI_® rum. The super sip. Made in Puerto Rico.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED © 1979 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC. MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF

of the Barbells who live in Allentown play on other teams in the league, too, and they obviously outclass the opposition, even though the league is a strong one. Several years ago, in the interest of competitive balance, a few of the teams tried to keep Stofflet from playing, but there is no legal way he can be stopped. So he still shows up once a week "to get sharp for the weekend games in the Seaboard League."

In 1969 Sal's Lunch won the ISC nationals, and Stofflet, having achieved that goal, jumped to the Rising Sun Hotel team of Reading, the final step up the competitive ladder. The Rising Sun is a little corner bar owned by a guy named John Kramer, who gave up sponsoring the team and sold the establishment in 1976 when he was elected Berks County sheriff. Billard Barbell then took the team over, to be superseded, in turn, by York. Fast-pitch softball was spawned from this kind of one-man sponsorship, but by the mid-60s big business had stepped in and Kramer's world-class team became the exception, not the rule. Stofflet and the Rising Sun Hotel, therefore, often had to compete against teams that had brought in players from around the country and given them jobs. The shift to such big-business sponsorship undoubtedly helped keep fast-pitch softball alive, but it also separated the sport from its roots.

Big business has done nothing for Stofflet. He has been an electrician and forklift driver for Mack Trucks of Allentown for 14 years, but Mack has contributed little to the sport in its home area, which is fairly hot softball country. It's a bit surprising that the company has never even mentioned the world's best softball pitcher in its promotions. "Their thing is to build Mack trucks, not Ty Stofflet," says Stofflet with a way-of-the-world weariness. "I'm just a number there. No special privileges. I use my vacation time for tournaments and traveling with the team. It don't bother me."

Rising Sun Hotel came in fourth in the 1971 nationals. Stofflet's second year with the club. The 2-1 loss that eliminated them occurred against the eventual champion, Cedar Rapids, on a run-scoring single and a passed ball in the 15th inning. Stofflet had 33 strikeouts in that game, which established him and his team as among the best in the world.

To fully appreciate Stofflet, you must bat against him or at the very least grab a catcher's mitt and squat down in his backyard. Pick any spot, and Stofflet will quickly stride to another, precisely 46 feet away, and begin limbering up. After a few throws, he asks, with sincere concern, "Are you sure that you've played ball before? I wouldn't want you to get hurt."

The windup seems a little awkward, being performed as it is with both feet on the rubber, as required in softball. The hardball windup has a certain grace and fluidity because only one foot must be on the rubber, with the other being used for balance during the pivot. Stofflet's lifting of both hands over the head is less a windup than merely a way of getting started. When his hands drop back down to his waist, there's no pause as he brings his left arm forward to begin the windmill portion of the windup. He hides the ball as much as possible as he whirls his left arm through a full circle, and releases the ball just as his arm completes the windmill.

My God, it comes in fast! Astonishingly fast. An apparition with seams. The catcher experiences a millisecond of panic before the ball slams into the mitt. He sheds real tears.

"Are you O.K.?" calls Stofflet. "I'm not really poppin' yet. I'd say that was only in the 90s."

To get an idea of Stofflet's velocity, you must remember the first time, in a schoolyard or in Little League, you faced some strange kid who really fogged the ball in there. He was always big, sometimes even fat, and chances are he didn't even make his high school team, but at that younger age, from that distance, he was Walter Johnson. You couldn't even see the ball. How could you hit it?

Stofflet is pitching from an equally short distance. True, the 12-inch ball is three inches bigger than a baseball, but it's also traveling faster than a major league pitch when it crosses the plate. Nolan Ryan's fastball has been clocked at 100 mph as compared to Stofflet's 104. And Stofflet is throwing it at you both left-handed and underhanded, which is always a dirty trick.

The velocity a good pitcher can generate is the main reason fast-pitch softball, for better or worse, remains a pitch-

er's game. In one of the few books about softball, Arthur Noren says, "Even the best batsmen are unable consistently to hit safely against good pitching, since the natural advantage in softball is with the pitcher." That was 40 years ago, and a good pitcher will still beat a good hitter almost every time. A batter has no way of timing Stofflet's best fastball and hitting it where he wants. Rarely, if ever, is Stofflet pulled. Many a batter has gotten a hit only by stacking his bat over the plate at the right time and letting the speed of the pitch carry the ball over the infield.

Like Ryan, there is no apparent reason that Stofflet should be so fast. He is average-sized—5' 11½", 170 pounds—with only average athletic ability. His left arm is muscular, particularly around the forearm and wrist, but not extraordinarily so. No, his speed is part gift, part technique and part dedication.

"Let's take Larry Bergh," Stofflet says, trying to explain his speed. "He's about 6' 8", and his hand's an inch bigger than mine. He's got bigger legs, which help give you speed. And he's a great all-around athlete. But I throw the ball harder. Sure, some of it is a gift, but the rest I just had to work on."

"Lift weights? Nah, I don't believe in it," he says in a pronouncement not likely to please his latest sponsor. "When I'm sitting around watching television, I do use a hand grip for maybe two hours at a time. But that's all. The rest has been hard work."

Stofflet's hard work got him an opportunity to show his stuff against the pros last year in an exhibition on national TV. On a *Dick Clark Live Wednesday* show filmed at Dodger Stadium, Stofflet struck out Reggie Smith and Davey Lopes—they fouled off three pitches between them—but was "beaten" by Steve Yeager, who hit a dribbler fair down the third-base line. And thus happened just after the World Series, when the Dodgers were still sharp.

Stofflet is undoubtedly all the more effective because of the fear his speed can instill. Barring helmets are still the exception in fast-pitch softball, and the sport has had its share of barbers.

"Oh, there's some guys killing out in there," says Stofflet, "but I'm knowing for

continued

Aftate® for Athlete's Foot

is better
than
Desenex.®
Really better.

If you've got athlete's foot and you're still using Desenex, you should know that Aftate is better.

In independent studies, the medication in Aftate has been proven to be more effective in killing athlete's foot fungus than the medication in Desenex.

In fact, doctors recommend the medication in Aftate 14 to 1 over the medication in Desenex. 14 to 1.

Aftate is better than Desenex. Really better. It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions



© Philip M. 1995



Trial size offer.

Enclosed is \$5.00 (for materials, handling, postage) for one (1) 10% off Aftate for Athlete's Foot plus a coupon good for \$2.00 off on any next choice purchase of regular size Aftate products. Good to

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail to: Philip M., P.O. Box 371, East NC, Raleigh, NC 27611. See enclosed label for details. Offer good only in Continental U.S. Black and white. Aftate is a registered trademark. © Philip M. 1995

STOFFLET

continued

having pretty good control, so they're not that scared. I've hit some batters, but nobody that hard that I recall. I don't even dust guys off. I don't believe in that, because what if you try to dust them and you hit them? With the speed of my pitch, I could bust a head open or maybe break some fingers, know what I mean? Stofflet doesn't mean that much to me to hurt somebody."

Stofflet believes he has been the target of more than a few beanballs, most notably at the world tournament in New Zealand when Canada's Stan Kern, a fast right-hander with a Maglesque reputation, hit him in the pitching arm. Stofflet lost feeling in the arm for a few minutes but came out to pitch the next inning. Stofflet's teammates shouted dire threats at Kern, who was due up in the next inning, but he was lifted for a pinch hitter.

"What would I have done?" says Stofflet. "Probably nothing."

In the backyard, Stofflet is delivering his dropball. It's a wicked pitch, coming in about medium speed and then darting in and down at least a foot. A batter tensing his muscles and searching desperately for a glimpse of Stofflet's fastball would see the slower drop coming in and gain a measure of confidence—before missing it by a foot. Still, there is something reassuring about the drop, because it does, after all, obey the law of gravity.

Now Stofflet calls for the riseball. This pitch is another matter. It doesn't appear to obey Newtonian rules and, further, is even more frightening than the fastball, because any ball that rises seems, to the batter, to be going straight for the head. The catcher has seen a hardball rise to a degree, as in the hop a fastball pitcher gets. But, according to Stofflet, this pitch is going to go up two, maybe three feet.

It comes in hard, almost as hard as a straight fastball. The harder a ball is thrown the less chance gravity has to affect it, and whether or not Stofflet knows or cares about such scientific detail, he does know he's got to bring it. The ball appears to be coming in low, then darts viciously upward like a berserk yo-yo. The catcher gets the mitt up just in time to prevent the ball from crashing into his mouth. The pitch has risen a full two feet.

"A lot of guys throw the riser, but they have short hands and have to grip it a different way than I do," says Stofflet. "I throw mine like the major-leaguers throw a forkball, except mine's underhanded. You got to jam the three fingers into the ball. Now that's something you don't learn overnight. Believe me, I worked hard at it."

The riseball is what separates the men from the boys in fast-pitch. It's also the reason, Stofflet believes, that good hardball hitters, even a major-leaguer with the quick bat of a Rod Carew, wouldn't be able to step into a high-quality fast-pitch game and perform well.

"The average ballplayer is used to seeing the ball go down and can't get used to seeing it rise that much," explains Stofflet. "I've seen good hardball players come over to us and at first they don't do nothing. A softball player could make a much easier adjustment to hardball because he sees the ball going up and down, know what I mean?"

One of the few players who has consistently hit Stofflet's riser over the years is Art Weida, a teammate of Stofflet's on the Barabells but a frequent opponent in the Allentown City League. "It's kind of hard to explain, but you've got to know whether he's coming with the drop or the rise, or you'll never hit him," says Weida. "His ball moves so much, and it's coming so fast that you've got very little time to decide. You could be swinging at a pitch over your head before you know what you're doing. You go by the spin of the ball. A drop tends to spin toward you, like it's kind of rolling over. A riseball looks like it's spinning away from you. Now, if he throws that pitch at your waist, you've just got to lay off it because the ball is going to finish over your head."

Even though he had the fastball, the drop and the riser, Stofflet says he wasn't a great pitcher until he developed a changeup a few years ago. It's the weapon of many over-the-hill fastballers, but Stofflet uses it more effectively than they, because he still has the velocity to set it up.

"I throw it maybe half the time in the game [that figure seems a little high, but Stofflet sticks by it] but mix it up continually," he says. "The catcher doesn't even have to know it's coming. He gives

me the signs for the fast one, the drop and the riser, but not the change. I'm on my own on that."

It's Stofflet's mastery of all four pitches that makes him the best. Roy Bar-lison's riseball is better, but he doesn't have Stofflet's drop. Kevin Herfily also has a better riser but doesn't have a changeup and tends to tire in extra-inning games. Bergh has a better change-up and possibly a better drop, but he doesn't have a riseball. And, finally, none of them can "pop" like Stofflet. Perhaps only Herb Dudley and Johnny Spring could do it all like Ty.

Stofflet also has a kind of "fifth pitch" in his repertoire—his will to succeed. Early in life, he staked out his territory, a small and unpublishable domain but a well-defined one. He was going to be the best softball pitcher in the world, and if nobody else would know it, that was O.K., because he and his father would. "I remember telling myself I was going to be the best," says Stofflet. "My dad wants me to be the best."

Stofflet hates to lose. Even in a casual basement game of table tennis, a sport he plays to keep in shape and one at which he has become quite proficient, he can't let a point against him go unanswered. "O.K., nice shot," he says, "but if I had been really playing I'd have moved my body around to this side and got it back, because that wall there is stopping me. Let's move the table a little. Yeah, now hit that shot again, and if I can get around on it. . . . There, like that. See, it's by you. You won't get it by me again."

Similarly, Stofflet feels he has rarely, if ever, left a debt unpaid on the playing field. "Yeah, I can remember really getting shelled once, back in 1970," he says. "I'll never forget it. We were playing a tournament in Lancaster, and this team from Providence was just punching the ball all over the place on me. Back then I just had my speed. I didn't have much stuff on the ball. Maybe they got like three, four hits an inning, and the score was maybe 7-0 or 8-0. Later that season, we faced them same guys again, and I'd picked up a few things by then. I shut them out."

"Home runs? Sure, I've given up a couple. One guy yanked one out on me this year at Springfield in the nationals. With

two strikes I threw a drop that didn't do anything, and he hit it out. But I struck him out the next time."

Stofflet's manager on the Barbeils, Rocco Santilli, says, "Ty is like Johnny Spring was. He fights you on every pitch. There's a pretty fine line separating a lot of pitchers, and the big difference is the ability to concentrate on every pitch. He can concentrate a little more. And he does."

When the time comes, in five or maybe seven years, when Stofflet stops winning almost every time out, he says he'll quit. Of course, a lot of outstanding athletes have said the same thing, but Stofflet insists he means it. And he has a precise gauge he will use in determining when it'll be time to get out. When he can no longer "pop," when he can no longer be sure he can simply blow the ball past a batter, he'll hang it up.

One thing Stofflet won't do is switch to slow-pitch softball, a sport that is growing at a faster rate than fast-pitch is dying. He holds slow-pitch in the same regard in which Lehigh County farmers hold potato blight; in fact, slow-pitch is one of the few subjects that move Stofflet anywhere close to passion.

"That's the last thing I'll play," he says. "That game should be for people 35 years and older. Anybody below that should have to go in fast-pitch, know what I mean? There's a lot of good players who could play fast-pitch, but they're in slow-pitch for one reason—they've got their girl friends sitting in the stands and they can holler. Hey, Hon, watch me hit this one! And they can hit it. Why should they strike out against me when they can make contact? Contact, that's the thing. That's what it's all about for them."

"I try to promote fast-pitch. But what I hear a lot about from kids is slow-pitch, and I tell them they're in the wrong game. I'll have to admit that fast-pitch is dying out, and slow-pitch is the reason. That's what guys are going into, know what I mean? And you know why. . . . ?"

We do. Contact. Something a hitter rarely makes against Stofflet. He is absolutely correct. There is perhaps nothing easier in sports than hitting a slowly pitched softball. A slow-pitch batter can go years—even decades—without seeing strike three. A fellow named Denny Jones of Concord, Calif. hit .829 last year

continued

Aftate® for Jock Itch

is better than Cruex®

Really better.

If you've got jock itch and you're still using Cruex, you should know that Aftate is better.

Aftate's medication has been tested and found to be more effective than the medication in Cruex for killing jock itch fungus.

Aftate's powerful medication not only kills all major types of jock itch fungus, but also helps prevent re-infection.

For the relief of painful itching and chafing of jock itch, get Aftate. It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions



© Hough Inc. 1979



Trial size offer.

Enclosed is \$24 (for shipping, handling, postage) for one (1) 3.5 oz. Aftate Gel for Jock Itch. Ship a coupon good for 25¢ off on my next store purchase of regular size Aftate products. Send to:

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
 Mailing: Please Enc. P.O. Box 377 Dept. MC Memphis, TN 38102. Send no money and 17 sales tax (offer good only in California) if 2. Enclosed bonus. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1979.

800-

CALL THIS TOLL-FREE NUMBER

621-

IT'S THE QUICKEST, EASIEST WAY TO...

8200

In Illinois call 800-972-8302

- RENEW your own SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription.
- ORDER a new subscription.
- GIVE a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription to a deserving sports fan.

In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you'll get all the action, color and excitement of your favorite sports. Every week. All year round.

Football, hockey, baseball, basketball. Tennis, golf, boxing, sailing, running. SI's got them all covered. With vivid full-color photography and dynamic writing that give you an insider's insight into the crucial plays, the surprise moves, the winning strategies.

So call SI's special toll-free number today, or write to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We'll be happy to bill you later.

Sports Illustrated

IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

when he was MVP in the ASA's Major Slo-Pitch Tournament. Scramble the numbers and you have .289, an average nobody attains against guys like Stofflet.

So, ironically, Stofflet and his ilk have, in effect, been partly responsible for the downfall of fast-pitch softball. By raising pitching to a high art, they've brought the best batters to their knees. It might be thought that able-bodied men from the sandlots of America would want the challenge of fast-pitch; after all, 2 for 10 off Stofflet beats 10 for 10 off the ribbon clerk pitching for Shakey's Bar & Grille any day. But, no, contact is the thing, as Stofflet will tell you and tell you and tell you.

So by the time Stofflet hangs it up, fast-pitch may have even fewer followers than it has today. How many people know the name of Herb Dudley? Does anybody remember Johnny Spring? Stofflet will be enshrined in the Softball Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, but that hall, unlike the one in Cooperstown, is hardly a tourist attraction. Unless the Barbells or some folks in Reading take up a collection, there will probably be no Ty Stofflet Day. As for Joseph Hartmann down at the Balliettsville Inn? No testimonial dinners there.

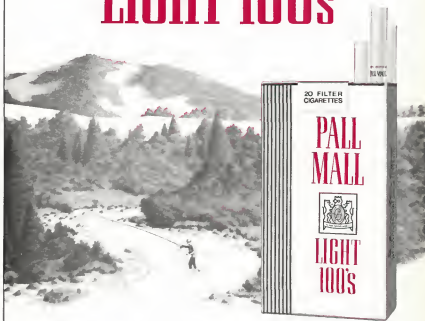
"I'm not worried about it," says Stofflet. "I've had my moments. That night in New Zealand there were 10,000 people there. I bet I signed 500 autographs, and I bet they never forgot that game. And what I'll remember most over the years is the people who came up to me and said, 'We don't like you just because of your pitching. We've seen you're a good sport and you pay attention to the kids.' That's what I'll remember."

"But once I'm finished with this competition, I'm through. A tour? I don't even know how it could be done, to be honest. I've run around all these years, and when it's over, I'm just going to disappear, know what I mean?"

Probably true. The Stofflet legacy will be preserved only by occasional motorists or Balliettsville Inn diners who happen to be passing down the road and see an old lefty windmilling 'em in to an awe-struck catcher. If they park for a moment, they'll hear the sound of ball meeting glove. And they'll hear it plainly. Ol' Ty will still be poppin' even when he stops poppin'. Know what I mean? **END**

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's



The most flavor you can get in a low tar cigarette!

Only 12 mg. tar
1.0 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

GM's New Front-Wheel-Drive Cars

Roomy. Comfortable. The "space age" comes to trimmer cars.



One of the first things to impress you about the new Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark is the amount of room for both passengers and luggage.

How we got it.

Basically, these cars were designed around transverse-mounted, front-wheel-drive engines and MacPherson Strut front suspensions. This allows us to reduce overall length, yet design cars with plenty of room for passengers and luggage.

Surprising spaciousness.

For 1980, there's more front-seat legroom and rear-seat hip room, headroom, legroom and knee clearance than in the cars they're replacing.

The rear seating is the same in two-door models as it is in four-door models—enough for three adults.

And for tall people, the front seat can be adjusted rearward more than on any other domestic automobile.



Even the trunk has been designed for efficient use of space, with the spare tire tucked away under a special panel to provide a completely flat floor.

Comfortable accouterments.

As you might expect, these new GM cars are also designed to pamper. Body by Fisher interior appointments are most handsome. Instrument panels are good-looking yet functional. Foam-backed headliners contribute both good looks and acoustical insulation. And one-piece carpeting is standard.



Take a test drive.

If comfort and room are important to you in the selection of an automobile, we'd like to recommend that you test-drive our front-runners for the '80s at your GM dealers soon.

You're in for a thoroughly delightful experience.

Look into buying or leasing at your GM dealers today

GM's Front-Runners for the '80s.

Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega, Buick Skylark

Sports Illustrated™ and Columbia Pictures bring home...

SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS

ON SUPER 8 MM FILM



See Ali fight his way to the top for the third time. Yankees destroy the mighty Los Angeles Dodgers, and Montreal skate its way to a hockey dynasty, moments in sports that you'll never want to forget. Watch the latest important and exciting sports events over and over again right in your own home. So order now and get ready to watch sports at its best!

FOOTBALL

Super Bowl IX 1975 Dallas over Denver
400 color sound M\$5208
200 color silent M\$2730

Super Bowl X 1976 Pittsburgh over Dallas
400 color sound M\$5370
200 color silent M\$2810

Super Bowl IX 1975 Pittsburgh over Minnesota
400 color sound M\$5370
200 color silent M\$2810

Super Bowl VII 1974 Miami over Minnesota
400 color sound M\$5370
200 color silent M\$2810

APL Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

Football Follies Absurd, done head plays, goals, aerial, lock ups, and (high passes) that are a part of pro football
400 color sound M\$5800
200 color silent M\$2910

BASISBALL

World Series 1971 Yankees over Dodgers
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1976 Cincinnati over Yankees
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1975 Cincinnati over Red Sox
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1974 Oakland over Dodgers
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1973 Oakland over Mets
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1969 Arizona over Mets
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1968 Boston over Detroit
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1967 Boston over Cincinnati
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1966 New York over Baltimore
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1965 Los Angeles over New York
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1964 St. Louis over New York
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1963 Los Angeles over New York
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1962 New York over Cincinnati
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1961 New York over Pittsburgh
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1960 New York over Pittsburgh
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1959 New York over Pittsburgh
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1958 New York over Pittsburgh
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1957 New York over Pittsburgh
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1956 New York over Pittsburgh
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

World Series 1955 New York over Pittsburgh
400 color sound M\$5410
200 color silent M\$2910

AL FIGHTER

Ali vs. Frazier I
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier II
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier III
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier IV
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier V
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier VI
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier VII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier VIII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier IX
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier X
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XI
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XIII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XIV
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XV
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XVI
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XVII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XVIII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XIX
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XX
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

MOHAMMAD ALI

Ali vs. Frazier I
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier II
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier III
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier IV
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier V
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier VI
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier VII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier VIII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier IX
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier X
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XI
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XIII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XIV
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XV
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XVI
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XVII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XVIII
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XIX
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

Ali vs. Frazier XX
200 color sound M\$2710
200 color silent M\$1355

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED HIGHLIGHT FILMS

P.O. Box 855, Larchmont Station
New York, N.Y. 10569

Please send me films listed below, understand that all films come in Super 8 mm only. Payment in full, including state and local taxes plus \$1.00 postage and handling is enclosed in check or money order. I will expect 1 film within 8-10 weeks.

(All in prices in spaces provided below as follows)

200 0-10 silent \$10.95 each 200 color sound \$32.95 each
200 0-10 silent \$21.95 each 400 color sound \$64.95 each

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

Plus Postage and handling \$1.00 per film.

THE HEATING SYSTEM OF THE FUTURE CAN GIVE YOU A HEATING BILL OF THE PAST.



THE WEATHERTRON® HEAT PUMP SAVES 30-60% ON HEATING COMPARED TO DUCTED ELECTRIC HEAT, DEPENDING ON WHERE YOU LIVE.

Even if your electric rates have increased as much as 40% in the last few years, you can still save money with the Weathertron heat pump from General Electric.

How does it work? By actually getting heat from cold air.

That's right. Even on most freezing winter days, the Weathertron heat pump extracts heat from the outdoors and transfers it indoors.

And in more moderate climates, there's more heat available in the air. That's where a heat pump can really work for you. Because that's where it can use energy most efficiently.

Depending on where you live, only one unit of electrical energy gets you 1 1/4 to 2 1/2 units of heat energy during the heating season. That's where the 30-60% savings comes in. And that's why only the heat pump can deliver ducted electric heat to your home in the most cost-efficient and energy-efficient way.

IN REVERSE, IT'S AN AIR CONDITIONER.

In warm weather, the thermostat reverses the whole process, and the Weathertron cools, using the same

principle. It takes warm air from inside the house and transfers it outside. A system for all seasons.

GENERAL ELECTRIC HAS SPENT OVER 40 YEARS DEVELOPING THE WEATHERTRON® HEAT PUMP.

Since 1932, when GE was one of the few heat pump pioneers, we've been developing and improving it. Years of research, engineering and manufacturing expertise go into every Weathertron system.

We put parts and assemblies through grueling quality-control tests and inspections. For instance, every 230-volt motor must run at 170 volts. And that's only the low-voltage test. Then there are leakage tests. And our surge test, when 3,500 volts are run through the motor windings.

Not to mention the torture test our engineers use to simulate the worst possible operating conditions.

No wonder the General Electric Climatuff™ compressor, the device that helps extract heat from the air, has been operating in over two million cooling as well as heating installations.

THE WEATHERTRON HEAT PUMP WILL MAKE YOUR ENERGY CRISIS LESS OF A CRISIS.

It's difficult for anyone to safely predict the availability of energy in the

future. And unfortunately, everyone can predict that the fuel available will get more and more expensive.

That's why it's very important for all of us to make good use of the oil, gas and electricity we pay for.

The Weathertron heat pump from General Electric uses electricity and nature's heat to save you money on heating. That's why it could be one of the most important things you put in your home.

THE WEATHERTRON® HEAT PUMP AMERICA'S #1 SELLING HEAT PUMP.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC



2/3 of your drink is mixer, so make your mixer Canada Dry.

More people mix with
Canada Dry® Tonic Water
than any other brand.

It's distinctively smooth
with gin, vodka, or rum.

Make your drink a
total pleasure. Make your
mixer Canada Dry.



MORTON SMITH INC.

©1978 Canada Dry Corporation

AS I DID IT continued

meeting was the draft. We opened the season two weeks later. I was nervous just driving over there." One durable reader replayed the entire 616-game 1947 National League schedule, with the New York Giants, rather than the Brooklyn Dodgers, winning the pennant.

For those who aspire to outdo Ethan Allen's inventiveness, the magazine serves as a forum for proposals on pitching, fielding and even wind-velocity factors that can be introduced into ASB. There are traditionalists, too. One man told ASB News, "I have been playing ASB since 1950 and have not changed any of the rules that applied then."

Perhaps the most valuable service performed by ASB News is its devotion to the interests of the batting-disc collector. Because I was looking to restore my lost discs and add a few which had eluded me, I found the trading-post section a gold mine—a chance to regain a Ty Cobb or a Sid Gordon. What could match the satisfaction of finally landing a Chick Hafey or restoring Roger Maris to one's collection?

As with some contemporary magazines, the highlight of ASB News is its centerfold. It consists of hard-paper sheets of 24 batting discs, compiled by the editors, of the most obscure and contemporary big-leaguers. In one issue, ASB News surprised its readers with discs of minor league batting wizards Ox Eckhardt (Pacific Coast League) and Rocky Nelson (International League). I wonder whether Ethan Allen's lofty standards were offended. The magazine also offers for sale discs as exotic as those of Al (Two Gun) Gettel, Bud Podbielan, Toby Atwell, the 1922 St. Louis Browns (second-place finishers to the Yankees) and, yes, even a set of Japanese stars.

ASB fans are not only ardent, they often are also persons of broader interests. Take the Los Angeles reader who answered my ad for a batting-disc trade by telephoning me in New Jersey. "Hello, this is J.W., calling from Los Angeles to answer your ad in ASB News."

"You're calling all the way from Los Angeles just to answer my ad?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes," he said, "I really have a thing for discs of 1950s Giants, and I was wondering whether you had any you could trade."

I did have original prints of Henry

Continued

**Don't forget to remember Father's Day.
June 17**



A Public Service Reminder from the National Father's Day Committee.



AS I DID IT *continued*

Thompson and Larry Jansen discs, but since it's unthinkable for a dedicated ASB collector to part with his only disc of any player (even if the 1950s Giants were anathema to him), I told him we had no deal.

Undaunted, J.W. unburdened himself about his most burning quest, "Look," he said with considerable passion, "what I've really been searching for over the past 20 years is a Red Barber Baseball Game." That was a dice game, produced about 30 years ago while Red Barber resided in the clubhouse as sportscaster for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

"Well, matter of fact," I said, feeling like the Good Samaritan, "I recently retrieved an old Red Barber Baseball Game board from my parents' garage sale and would be glad to sell it to you. However, the board split and had to be taped together, and all the players and the ball are lost."

"I don't care about that," J.W. said with some agitation. "All I want is the game board, taped or not. I can't wait till you send it to me so I can begin playing with it," he pleaded. "I'll pay you anything."

My empathy, developed from years of ASB play, prevented me from gouging him for more than \$5 (My children, to whom I had promised the proceeds of the sale, wanted me to sell it for much more.) But I made the mistake of mailing the game board third-class, and when it had not arrived after 10 days, J.W. anxiously called me again from Los Angeles. Two more transcontinental telephone calls and 40 days later he wrote me a letter advising me how upset the delay had made him, and how despairing he was of ever owning a Red Barber Baseball Game board. He insisted that I put postal tracers out for the wayward board. Another month passed, and J.W. called again, this time to report that the game board had arrived safely in Los Angeles. The result was a quest's fulfillment on the West Coast, and a Good Samaritan's relief on the East Coast.

With more than 500 ASB discs in my collection, one might think I would be satisfied. But there are always more to be acquired. My Wally Westlake, Preacher Roe and Jerry Coleman discs have disappeared over the years, and I'd dearly like them back in my deck. Can anyone out there help me?

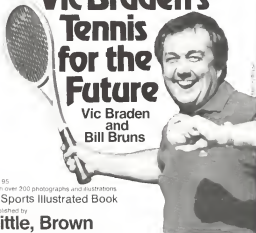
END

"The best tennis book ever written."

—*Wall Street Journal*

Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future

Vic Braden
and
Bill Bruns



\$12.95

With over 200 photographs and illustrations

A Sports Illustrated Book

Published by

Little, Brown

**Sometimes
the guys who get hit the hardest
aren't even in the game.**



**Time out for Alka-Seltzer.[®]
The sound of fast relief.**

It can get pretty rough up there in the grandstands. Every year spectators are clobbered by hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy and beer. And when 15,000 fans begin to roar, many are hit with pounding headaches.

That's when you call time out for Alka-Seltzer. Because the plop plop, fizz fizz is the sound of fast relief.

Alka-Seltzer is loaded with antacids that instantly break up



acid indigestion and bring soothing relief to your upset stomach. Even after a couple of those footlong hot dogs.

And Alka-Seltzer rushes relief to your aching head with a fast-acting analgesic.

It isn't often sports fans see that kind of fast action, so here's our instant replay: Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is.

Read and follow label directions.

Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is![®] Fast, fast, fast.

©1978 Miles Laboratories, Inc.



Sports Illustrated®

SUPERSTAR "Signature" POSTERS

Magnificent full color action posters of the superstars of sport. A full 2 feet by 3 feet with the signature of each star in a prominent position. Each \$3.00.



BASKETBALL
4500 Rosebush Superstars
4501 Rod Carew
4502 Willie Randolph
4503 Rick Barlow
4504 Harold Smith
4505 Jim Palmer
4506 Steve Carlton
4507 Reggie Jackson
4508 Ted Williams
4509 Mike Schmidt
4510 Gary Tomlinson
4511 George Foster
4512 Greg Maddux
4513 Dave Parker
4514 Jeff Burroughs
4515 Keith Seaver
4516 Bruce Sutter
4517 Eddie Murray
4518 Andre Bona
4519 Joe Morgan
4520 George Brett
4521 Pete Rose
4522 Johnny Bench
4523 Gary Maddux
4524 Greg Maddux
4525 Jim Rice
4526 Bill Buckner
4527 Ken Griffey

SKATING
4528 Blue Water

SKATING
4529 In the Ice

BASKETBALL
4501 John Irving
4502 Bill Walton
4503 Craig Collins
4504 Mike Morison
4505 Dave Cowens
4506 Mike Gervin
4507 Moses Malone
4508 Byron Adams
4509 David Thompson
4510 Bob Love
4511 Adrian Danties
4512 Austin Carr
4513 Bob McAdams
4514 John Havlicek
4515 Jamaal Wilkes
4516 Calvin Murphy
4517 George Gervin
4518 Lucius Allen
4519 Superstar Montague
4520 Maurice Lucas
4521 Marvin Webster
4522 Marquise Johnson
4523 Bernard King
4524 Michael Thompson
4525 Phil Ford
4526 Paul Westphal
4527 John Drew

SKATING
4528 Se Young
4529 Powder Skating
4530 New Style Skating
4531 Sunset Skating

SOCCER
5100 George Chongia

FOOTBALL
4500 NFL Superstar
4501 Jim Zorn
4502 Steve Bartkowski
4503 Dan Fouts
4504 Son Jowens
4505 Wesley Walker
4506 Craig Morton
4507 Lyle Alzado
4508 Don Cleveland
4509 Jim Holt
4510 Earl Campbell
4511 Reggie Mottin
4512 Ray Guy
4513 Pat Haden
4514 Tony Stewart
4515 Ken Stabler
4516 Roger Staubach
4517 Bob Griese
4518 Franco Harris
4519 Ken Anderson
4520 Greg Pruitt
4521 Ollie Anshing
4522 Lawrence McCutcheon
4523 Jack Youngblood
4524 Steve Grogan
4525 Bert Jones
4526 Dave Casper
4527 Terry Bradshaw

GOAL
4501 Louis Hunt
4502 Louis Hunt
4503 John Stephenson
4504 Nancy Lopez

TENNIS
4500 Jimmy Connors
4501 Bjorn Borg
4502 The Nadal
4503 Evonne Cackaloglu
4504 Rose Casals
4505 Vitas Gerulaitis
4506 Billie Jean King
4507 Guillermo Vilas
4508 Virginia Wade
4509 John McEnroe
4510 Martina Navratilova

WATER SKIING
4501 Wayne Grinstead
4502 Tony Doretti
4503 Ken Stabler
4504 Roger Staubach
4505 Bob Griese
4506 Franco Harris
4507 Ken Anderson
4508 Greg Pruitt
4509 Ollie Anshing
4510 Lawrence McCutcheon
4511 Jack Youngblood
4512 Steve Grogan
4513 Bert Jones
4514 Dave Casper
4515 Terry Bradshaw

FLIGHT PHOTO
Name _____ Age _____
Street _____ City _____
State _____ Zip _____

ENCOUNTER
4501 Charlie Sumner
4502 Mary Hogan
US SKI TEAM
4503 Abby Fisher
4504 Vito Raccostello
4505 Chris Cooper
4506 Walter Montague
HANG GLIDING
4507 California Dreaming
GOLF JOGGING
4508 On The Asphalt

Please send me the Signature posters. I will check at \$3.00 each in at your special offer of 1 for \$4.00 and \$2.00 for each additional poster (plus \$1.00 per order to cover postage and handling). Add \$1.00 for postage and handling. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

I wish to use my Master Charge Number _____
I wish to use my VISA/Discover Number _____
Signature _____
Send your order to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
c/o Newspaper Logistics Dept.
Attention: Bank 4301 Hampton Ave.
St. Louis, Missouri 63108

BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE JOKER

Illustration by [illegible]



There's a fantastic bunch of people in PEOPLE. They're the ones with sass, spunk and vision. Purpose and panache. They're the ones to watch and wonder at. The real people behind the names... the human surprises behind the familiar faces. And every week they come alive in the pages of PEOPLE, the magazine that's all about everyone!

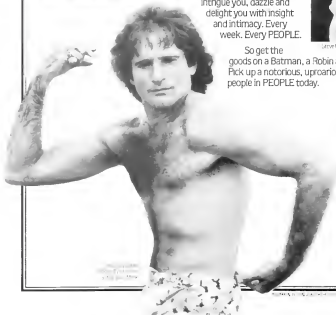
It's Belushi, DeNiro, Ties. Vice Premier Teng, Barry Gibbs and Baby Louise Brown. Laker and Lopez. Buchwald and Bacall.

They're all there—the heroes, hams, headliners, high-rollers, hotshots, big-shots and little upstarts, too! Every feisty, fabulous person of our times. To amaze you, intrigue you, dazzle and delight you with insight and intimacy. Every week. Every PEOPLE.



(Gene Wilder the wild and crazy, gay, Joker)

So get the goods on a Batman, a Robin and a Joker, too. Pick up a notorious, uproarious, glorious pack of people in PEOPLE today.





**For \$46.50, you could
give her 4 disco lessons
from Mr. Rudolf. Or a
\$10,000 estate of her own.**

Right now, she might very well prefer the disco lessons. But you know there are things in life more permanent than the Latin Hustle.

Nationwide Insurance knows that, too. That's why one of the plans that keeps us a leading force in life insurance is meant just for daughters like her. Or, of course, for sons.

It's our young adult estate policy.* For an annual payment of \$46.50 you can purchase \$10,000

in term life for your daughter (ages 15 through 22). Or \$20,000 for \$83 a year. (Rates slightly higher for males.)

Now, here is the really good part. Although there's no cash surrender value on this term policy, it automatically converts to permanent insurance when she's 25. By then, she'll probably be making it on her own. And she'll be willing and able to deal with the higher rates that give her whole life coverage and build cash value.

She can even add more and more permanent insurance at pre-selected ages. Her estate grows as she does, protecting her the rest of her life. And no physical examination is ever required. (Neither of these statements is necessarily true of the Latin Hustle.)

Today your child might not appreciate this plan you're building for her. But (as you very well know) the older you get, the more costly buying life insurance can get. And someday she'll understand that, too. Then she'll think you're even foxier than Mr. Rudolf.

Which is one of the nicer ways Nationwide is on your side.



**NATIONWIDE
LIFE INSURANCE**

Nationwide Life Insurance Company
Home Office: One Nationwide Plaza, Columbus, Ohio 43216

Policy term numbers: Life (15-21) Female; Male (15-21) Female; Life (15-21) Male; Life (15-21) Male.

* Convertible Term Life to age 25 (rate ages 15-22 includes)

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 14-20

PRO BASKETBALL—Defending champion Washington defeated Seattle 99-97 in the first game of their best-of-seven NBA playoff finals in Lakewood, Me. By beating San Antonio 108-100 and 101-105 to clinch the Eastern Conference title, the Bullets had become only the third NBA team to win a playoff series after trailing 3-1 (page 28). The Superlatives had their second straight Western Conference title with a 114-110 victory over Phoenix in the seventh game of their series.

SOCCER—DIANE SILVA of Albuquerque, N. Mex. won the Women's U.S. Open in Phoenix with an eight-game streak of 11.75 goals, beating second-place Lindsay Rev. Orner of Tucson by 37 paces.

GOLF—AL GIBBERGER shot a final-round 73 for a tournament-pool 374 and a one-stroke victory over Gene Linder and Don Barkley in the \$200,000 Colonial National Invitation tournament in Fort Worth.

NANCY LIDZEC shot a 39-hole better putt on the second extra hole of a five-way sudden-death playoff to win a \$100,000 LPGA tournament in Clinton, N.J., her fourth tour victory this year. She defeated rainstruck play tied at three-under-par 216 with Mickey Wright, 20 Ann Wiborn, Betsy Stas and Bonnie Bryant. Lopez and Wright broke the first hole of sudden death.

GYMNASTICS—BART CONNER of Dillabone was the men's all-around title and three of six events on the U.S.A. championships in Dayton. LESLIE PYFER of Eugene, Ore. won the women's all-around title.

HOCKEY—NHL Montreal won its fourth straight Stanley Cup by beating the New York Rangers in the 83rd game of their best-of-seven series. After losing the opener of the playoff finals, the Canadiens came back to win 6-2, 4-1 and 4-3 to overtake (page 26).

WHA In the league's last game, Winnipeg beat Edmonton 7-3 on two goals apiece by Barry Long and Wiley Lindgren to win the WHA trophy in its games. After the defending champion Jets took the first two games of the best-of-seven finals, the Oilers scored in a 3-1 victory. Winnipeg then stunned a 2-1 lead in games by beating Edmonton 3-2. The Oilers played an earlier Ron Chapman-led scored a playoff-record five goals in a 10-2, Game-3 victory over the Jets (page 44).

HORSE RACING—SPECTACULAR BID \$23.20, ridden by Ron Franklin, won the \$375,000 Preakness by 5 1/2 lengths over Golden Age. The 3-year-old was timed in 1:54 1/2 for the 1 1/4-mile (page 24). AFFIRMED (\$2 60), Laffa Piquay, won the \$372,400

California Stakes at Hollywood Park by five lengths over Syncope. The winner was timed in 1:40 1/2 for the 1 1/4 miles.

Jorge Valdesquez rode DAYONA DALE (\$2 30) to a 40 1/2-length victory over Phoebe's Dream in the \$111,000 Black Eyed Susan at Pomona. The 3-year-old filly's time for the 1 1/4 miles was 1:42 1/2.

MOTOR SPORTS—NEIL BONNETT, averaging 111.28 mph in a Mustang, best Cole Youngblood, driving a Chevrolet, by two seconds to win the \$149,025 Mason-Dixon 500 in Dover, Del.

SOCCER—NASL It was Gungo Chantagay Day at Grants Stadium, and the center-forward rose to the occasion with two goals in the Cosmos' 3-1 victory over Tulsa. The win moved the Cosmos one game ahead of Washington in the Eastern Division of the National Conference. The Diplomats had tied for the division lead with a 4-1 defeat of Memphis on two goals and an assist by Joe Horvath. Fort Lauderdale broke Minnesota's seven-game winning streak with a 4-1 victory, but the Kicks still led the Central Division of the National Conference by 14 points over Tulsa. Vancouver stayed on top of the Western Division with its fourth in a row, a 2-0 defeat of Philadelphia. In the American Conference, San Diego lost its fourth consecutive game, although it held on to the lead in the Western Division. Tampa Bay, the leader in the Eastern Division by 19 points over the Strikers, split two games, beating the Strikers 3-0 on an Oscar Faldutian goal and losing 1-0 to Los Angeles.

ASL California remained the only unbeaten team and increased its lead in the Western Division to 19 points with a goal of 2-6 victories over the New York Eagles and the Los Angeles Skyhawks. Jerry Frink, the leading scorer in the ASL with seven goals, had both of the San-shen's scores in the win against the Eagles, who had a busy week, beating Columbus twice, 2-1 and 4-2, to move into first place in the Eastern Division.

TENNIS—VICTOR AMAYA beat Dick Stockton 6-4, 7-3 in the men's final, and MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Tracy Austin 6-4, 6-1 for the women's title at a \$175,000 tournament in Kobe, Japan.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD defeated Caroline Stoll 6-3, 6-1 to win a \$75,000 tennis tournament in Virginia.

JOSE IGUERAS of Spain beat Harold Solomon 7-6, 6-0, 6-4, 6-1 to win the \$75,000 West German International championship in Hamburg.

TRACK & FIELD—JAN MERRILL, of Connecticut College ran in an American mile record in the 3:00 at the Drake Invitational in Durham, N.C. Her time of 15:23.8 broke by 1.67 the mark set by Kathy Mills of Penn State last year (page 70).

VOLLEYBALL—The International Volleyball Association opened its fifth season with three new teams, the Salt Lake City Strikers, the Albuquerque Lakers and the San Jose Daisies. In Salt Lake City, the largest opening-rival crowd in the history of the league—3,346—was the Strangers host Albuquerque as well as to mass instruction, Web Chamberlain, in four games. Derives, bolstered by the acquisition of Canadian National Team star Glorif Pichler, took over first place in the Central Division with three victories. Seattle moved into first place in the Western Division with two wins, and defending champion Santa Barbara also won twice.

MISPLACES—FIRED At each of the NASL Memphis Ranges, EDHIE McCREADIE, 39, who had a 12-26 record in one and a half seasons. His assistant replaced him in mid-July. Charlie Cooke.

FIRED As head coach of the California Surf of the NASL, JOHN SEWELL, 42, who had a 31-14-1 record in six seasons. He was replaced by assistant coach and team captain Peter Wall, 34.

SETTLED The job action by 52 major league baseball umpires against the American and National Leagues that kept the ump's off the field for the first 45 days of the season. The umpires and leagues agreed to a three-year contract calling for an average annual salary increase of \$7,000, hours in per diem and, for the first time, vacation time during the season.

TRADED By the Washington Redskins, Running Back MIKE THOMAS, 25, NFL Rookie of the Year in 1972 and the team's second-leading all-time rusher (3,260 yards), to the San Diego Chargers for an undisclosed 1980 draft choice.

DIED RAY BLADES, 62, former St. Louis Cardinals player (1923-31) and manager (1931-36), in Lincoln, Ill. He is assumed as a Cardinal outfielder. Blades batted .301 and appeared in three World Series.

CREDITS

22.25—Walter Jones Jr. 24. John Doolan, 28—Peter Reed Miller 20.25—Jury Cooke 49—Buck Miller 40—Gerald R. Thompson 28—Mark Cunningham, 28—James O'Brien 40—Steve Hansen

FACES IN THE CROWD

KRISTA DUNTON
AMHERST, CALIF.



Krista, 12, struck out 17 batters in the Giants' 20-2 win over the Dodgers to break her brother Kevin's Amherst Little League record of 16 strikeouts in a six-inning game. Krista allowed only one hit while going 4 for 4 in the plate.

STEVE ISAACSON
CHICAGO



Isaacson, 41, won the 40-and-over singles title in the Illinois table-tennis championships, to give him state titles in every age group. Since 1949 he has won the 11-and-under, the 14-and-under, the 17-and-over, and the men's singles five times.

CAROLYNN FINN
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



Finn, a freshman, led Penn State to its second consecutive Women's Lacrosse Association championship, in University Park, Pa. She scored 49 goals in 13 games this season, four in the Lady Lions' 8-5 title game win over Massachusetts.

JOHN JOHNS
CANNON, OHIO



Johns, 19, set a record for the highest season average in the 83-year history of the American Bowling Congress. In 99 league games, Johns averaged 240.09, surpassing the mark of 239.40. He also bowled five 300 games, a 299 and a 298.

CAROLYN ANOS
MARLBOROUGH, MASS.



Carolyn, 18, scored all of the points for Marble Falls High in the girls' state Class AA track meet, winning the long and triple jumps and the 200-meter and 100-yard dashes. Marble Falls was runner-up to North Lake for the team title.

FRED OPPER
MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.



Opper, 20, a first baseman for Fordham, pitched 39 1/3 innings of shutout relief as the Rams rallied to beat Hofstra 20-17. A .403 hitter who had never before pitched in college, Opper hit a three-run homer in the fifth the next day to beat Providence 7-5.

MORE AND MORE TOUR PLAYERS SEE THEIR FUTURE IN THIS BALL.



There's a growing group of tour players who believe the Black Max® ball is the ball of the future.

We're not surprised. Because you just can't find a longer ball today—yet the Black Max ball makes no sacrifice of classic accuracy. (It's our unique Aerodyne® Dimpling System that does it.)

But we were a bit surprised by some of the things these players have been saying about the ball. They make it sound like the Black Max is almost a kind of Black Magic.

For instance: "I'll tell you a strange thing about the Maxfli® if you hit it bad, toe and heel shots, the ball somehow stays in play. I wouldn't play anything except Maxfli."

"The Maxfli stops better than the rest of them. The distance is very good...it goes where

you want it to and stays in play...it's hard to explain but it just seems easy to control!"

"It's a lot easier to stay out of trouble with Black Max. I can do anything I want with it!"

Lots of manufacturers pay players to use their ball. But this kind of true faith can't be bought.

It seems no one ball has the Tour tied up anymore. Things are changing. But don't ask us. Just talk to the players.

The Black Max ball and the new lower trajectory Black Max XLT-15!® More golfers play Dunlop than any other ball in the world.

Maxfli® by DUNLOP

DUNLOP GOLF CO. 1000 N. 10TH AVE. SUITE 100, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55412

**THE BLACK MAX: THE ONLY REAL DISTANCE
IS ACCURATE DISTANCE.**

THE FUTURE IS HERE

FOR

HUBERT GREEN
Hawaiian Open \$54,000
New Orleans Open \$45,000

FUZZY ZOELLER
San Diego Open \$45,000
The Masters® \$50,000

MARK McCUMBER
Doral-Eastern \$45,000

JOANNE CARNER
Colgate Triple Crown \$23,000
Honda Civic \$22,500

BOB BYMAN
Bay Hill Citrus \$45,000

Now what about your future?
Next time you're teeing up at
a club tournament, take a tip
from these winners.



**Maxfli® by
DUNLOP**
BUILT BY SPORTS CO. BUFFALO, N.Y. 14240
A DIVISION OF DUNLOP RUBBER & PLASTIC CORP.

© 1990 DUNLOP RUBBER & PLASTIC CORP.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

RANGER GUIDES

Sir:

It was fitting that you chose to devote a sidebar to the "behind-the-scenes coach" in your article on the surprising New York Rangers (N.Y. vs. N.Y.: It's All-Out Warfire, May 14). Even though the players are to be commended, plaquists must also go to Fred Shero and Mike Nykoluk.

MIKE PERRICONE
West Babylon, N.Y.

Sir:

It's great to see Mike Nykoluk get the attention he so richly deserves. I had the pleasure of working with him a few years ago while serving as a counselor at a summer hockey camp in Philadelphia. I watched as Nykoluk worked his magic on players from seven to 17. How many pro coaches (or managers) can be considered "easygoing and approachable"? And how many have the talent to coach and communicate? Nykoluk is indeed one of those rare gems.

TOM POWELL
Fort Collins, Colo.

Sir:

As an avid Philadelphia Flyers fan, I have witnessed firsthand the coaching genius of the Shero-Nykoluk tandem. Their unparalleled complementary abilities consistently produce disciplined, spirited and determined team play. I was disheartened to see them depart from the Flyers' organization, but the immediate success of the Rangers serves as proof of their coaching magic.

TONY ELKIS
Gambier, Ohio

ONE FOR ALL

Sir:

It doesn't matter what kind of year Ron Guidry has for the Yankees (*The Yankees Now Spell Relief G-U-I-D-R-Y*, May 14). As far as I'm concerned, he is already the Sportsman of the Year for being the first athlete of the '70s to bring the word "we," instead of "me," back into professional sports.

AL SOMMERFELD
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir:

Three cheers for the greatest pitcher of all!
ERIC SOLAT
Bellmore, N.Y.

Sir:

Sparky Lyle finally has been avenged! Instead of Guidry, Sparky could have been in the bullpen. Why didn't George Steinbrenner keep Lyle? Dumb move, New York!

DAVE PAUGH
Spring Lake Heights, N.J.

NO SMALL SUCCESS

Sir:

Thank you for the article on the Minnesota Twins' Roy Smalley (*A Shorstop Who's Long on Smarts*, May 14). He isn't flashy. He isn't a superstar. He isn't outspoken. And he doesn't complain about his salary. He just goes out, day after day, and plays good baseball—something Minnesota hasn't seen since Harmon Killebrew.

JEFFREY ROLAND
Minneapolis

Sir:

Being a high school baseball coach who strongly advocates weight training, I was recently delighted to read a newspaper article about Roy Smalley's success with such a program. At the time, I thought, wouldn't it be great if *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* ran an article on Smalley (because of his great start) and made mention of how beneficial lifting weights can be. A few days later I received my SI, and what do you know? There it was—all I could ask for. Beautiful!

LARRY LECHLER
Medford, Wis.

JUNIOR'S TURN

Sir:

Your article on John McEnroe was terrific (*Junior Jolts His Elders*, May 14). Borg and Connors are good, but McEnroe is No. 1.

HAZEL POTTS
New Britain, Conn.

Sir:

I read Curry Kirkpatrick's article on John McEnroe with interest, but I am a little tired of hearing fans declare Borg or Connors or McEnroe to be the best in the game based solely upon what has occurred in their most recent meeting.

Why not just acknowledge that these three are in a class by themselves, and leave it at that? We can then concentrate on ranking the rest of the world's players, starting with No. 4.

RICK JEROME
Denver

NBC'S OLYMPATHON

Sir:

I would like to clarify one point concerning Olympathon '79. NBC Sports' 6½-hour fund-raising program in support of the U.S. Olympic Committee and American athletes (*SCORECARD*, May 7). SI found it "slightly startling" that the stars were paid for their performances. The show's producers, it was suggested, were remiss in not arranging with the Theatre Authority to have the major theatrical performing unions waive their usual pay.

continued

SPIRITUAL EXERCISE

In a time when much emphasis is put on physical fitness, it is good to remember we need spiritual exercise. Prayer, worship, and a concern for others strengthen the spirit of love and fellowship with God and man.

Those who are seeking to develop greater spiritual strengths are needed to work with the spiritually and materially abandoned. You may be among those called to serve as a spiritual leader.

Trinity Missions is seeking young men who want to become spiritual leaders. You can learn more about us and our work by contacting us. You may also discover some spiritual insights about yourself.



Trinity Missions

Father Joseph Cornely, S.T.
Box 30
Silver Spring, Maryland 20910

Yes, I want to learn more about **Trinity Missions** and its work. Please send me information which will give me insights about my interests in the religious life.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

(Area code) _____

Age _____

☐ In college ☐ In high school
☐ Post college ☐ Post high school

STRIVING TO SERVE GOD
AND MAN

19TH HOLE continued

requirements, as is customary in the case of most telethons.

The Theatre Authority performs an exemplary service in arranging for performers to waive fees on telethons and in helping those shows in other ways. However, in return for the waiver the Theatre Authority generally receives a payment, most of which is distributed among charities and causes related to the performing unions.

For this and other reasons (there was also a conflict of dates with two other telethons), we decided not to work through the Theatre Authority, and our stars appeared for \$1,500, little more than minimum AFTRA scale.

The point is that all the stars—Bob Hope, Angie Dickinson, Milton Berle, Sammy Davis Jr., Wayne Newton and many others in that galaxy—came on Olympathon '79 because they believed they were supporting American athletes in their efforts to represent their country in Lake Placid and Moscow. Seventy percent of them have already donated their appearance fees to the USOC and more are expected to do so.

ALAN BAKER

Vice-President, Corporate Information

NBC

New York City

BOWLERS

Sir

Having been an intercollegiate bowler, I certainly enjoyed Herman Weiskopf's article on this year's collegiate championship (*The Lions and Bears Won the Alley Fight*, May 7). The question remains, however, why the NCAA still ignores bowling.

DAVID A. LILKO

Pittsburgh

THE WBL'S FUTURE

Sir

Nancy Williamson's article on the Women's Professional Basketball League (*Red Ink, Rosy Future*, May 14) omitted an interesting fact that I learned when watching the WBL's All-Star Game on television earlier this year: to wit, a new smaller basketball was manufactured for WBL play. As a result, the ball handling is better, and shots are often taken from long range. It's a very different game from the basketball to which I have become accustomed.

I believe that the run-and-gun style of play so obviously promoted by the majority of the league's teams and intended to lure fans will instead prove to be the WBL's downfall.

JOHN B. WOLF

Teaneck, N.J.

•The WBL ball is about one inch smaller in circumference and an ounce or so lighter than a regular basketball.—ED

Sir

All the WBL needs now is a \$100,000 player to make it a full-fledged professional league.

MATTHEW McDONALD

Atlanta

THE PENN RELAYS

Sir

I was very pleased to read Anita Verschoth's feature article on the Penn Relays not only because of its journalistic contributions, but also because it included mention of a happening in my life that has since passed before my eyes many, many times. I was a member of that 1936 Texas relay team and the one responsible for the cowboy attire, having dreamed up the idea, contacted the publicity department of the Texas Centennial and purchased the outfit for the six of us. I cherish the two watches I was awarded for helping to win and set Penn Relays records in the 440 and 880 relays. Our record of 41.1 in the 440 stood for 23 years.

At some mature age, and certainly at 65, one begins to think a lot about one's church, friends and great moments of the past. The Penn Relays have supplied such moments for me and, I am sure, for others. I wonder if it isn't desirable that we all experience victory, whether it be in sports, journalism, music or a spelling bee.

My thanks to you and Anita Verschoth for putting new life into my great moments. May you have many of them.

CHARLES R. GRUNSTEIN

Dallas

Sir

It was with a great deal of appreciation that we noted the recognition of the Philadelphia Public School track program in your article on the Penn Relays. We are indeed proud of the accomplishments of our hard-working coaches and athletes, who often labor in anonymity. What with the Relays and Villanova's great program, an aura of track and field surrounds Philadelphia in the spring. Therefore, it comes as no surprise that many of our youngsters develop into world-class runners at an early age.

SI readers might be interested to know that the youngsters identified as "junior high athletes" in the first picture caption are actually fifth- and sixth-grade Philadelphia elementary school pupils—about 500 of whom participate in relay events sponsored through the generosity of Penn Coach Jim Tuppeny and his Relays Committee. The thrill of this participation is so great that many of our fledgling athletes are spurred on to the kinds of success achieved by Philadelphia high school stars Carlon Young and Rodney Wilson in this year's Relays (*The Year of the Shark*, May 7).

THOMAS S. JACOBY

Assistant Director (acting)

Division of Physical and

Health Education

School District of Philadelphia

Philadelphia

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLERS SINCE 1857



The Frosty Gin & Tonic



Tall, clean-tasting, icy-cold. Made with Gilbey's Gin, of course. The famous frosty bottle pours a gin that's made for mixing. With tonic or juice, in a Martini or Collins, the smooth flavor of Gilbey's always comes through.

Smooth Gilbey's Gin
in the frosty bottle.

**Enjoy
the taste of
country fresh
Salem.**



Country fresh menthol.
Mild, smooth and refreshing.
Enjoy smoking again.

KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine.
100's: 15 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY 78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health